

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Thirtieth Year of Issue

September, 1950

Concerning Mr. King

Frank H. Underhill

► NOW THAT HE IS DEAD the unpleasant and the abusive things that we all said about him sound rather mean and cheap. And it must be confessed that *The Canadian Forum*, in editorials and signed articles, from the moment that the first King government was elected in 1921 right down to 1948 has as unbroken a record as any Canadian journal of continuous hostile criticism of Mr. King's personality and politics.* The significant fact, however — and we should all be reflecting upon this now — is that he defeated all his critics. He defeated the Dafoe - Sifton - Crerar-Hudson group in Winnipeg, the ablest group of Liberals who have appeared in Canada in the twentieth century; and they ended by becoming his supporters. He defeated the Progressive revolt and won most of its voters back into the Liberal fold. He defeated the CCF. And incidentally he defeated the Conservatives, who functioned in this last generation largely as passive instruments assisting him to ward off these other much more serious challengers to his leadership. His conception of the lines that Canadian policy should take was in due course accepted by the great majority of Canadians.

Mr. King's career should therefore be very enlightening

(*See footnote, bottom first column next page.)

determine successful political leadership in Canada. And as we look back now, his interpretation of the way Canada should be governed seems in many respects so self-evident that we wonder why we didn't see it all more clearly before. Certainly the CCF, now that it is sitting down to reconsider its own past, should devote a great deal of quiet study to

the man who was chiefly responsible for the fact that we have so far failed to make more impact on the Canadian public.

The first thing to understand about Mr. King is that he was not the traditional kind of parliamentary leader that you read about in the text-books on British representative democracy. He obviously disliked Parliament. The representative side of democracy he did not find congenial, and he worked out a much more direct but also much more indefinable relationship between himself and the Canadian people. He was not a great parliamentarian like Lloyd George or Asquith or Churchill, or like Macdonald and Laurier. He avoided the dialectic of par-

liamentary debate as an instrument for clearing his own and his fellow-citizens' minds, for reaching decisions and for

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presenting issues to the electorate. But he had an unparalleled intuitive capacity for sensing what his fellow Canadians wanted and what they were about to want, how much a majority would demand and how much a minority would tolerate. And without any of the apparatus of mass hypnosis and police coercion to which vulgar practitioners of the art like Hitler and Mussolini had to have recourse, he succeeded with hardly a mistake for twenty-five years in giving expression, by way of that curious cloudy rhetoric of his, to what lay in the Canadian sub-conscious mind.

This is the kind of leadership, evidently, that modern mass-democracy welcomes and appreciates. But it is not the kind that will ever be very palatable to the more intellectual elements of the community, that is to the kind of people who write for and who read *The Canadian Forum*.

The commonest criticism of Mr. King was that he never gave a definite lead in any direction or committed himself in advance to anything concrete and tangible. In domestic affairs it would be tiresome to marshal again all the cases which support this charge. But we can afford to admit now that there is more to be said in his defence than we thought there was in the three decades of the twenties, thirties and forties. For we are not a homogeneous or united people in Canada; and only a very cautious leadership will avoid splitting us into bitterly contending groups—racial, religious, geographic, or economic. The successful national leader will always have to feel his way slowly, and will

* I was myself responsible for a good many of these articles in *The Canadian Forum*. See among more recent ones, "The Close of an Era: Twenty-Five Years of Mackenzie King" (Sept. 1944); "Twenty Years as Prime Minister" (July 1946); "The End of the King Era" (August and September 1948). On the Canadian party system in general see also my chapter in the volume in the United Nations Series on *Canada*, edited by Prof. G. W. Brown (University of Toronto Press, 1950).

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always be acutely conscious that his main task is to carry as many groups as possible along with him, to keep them moving in the same direction at about the same pace without too much strife and division. Mr. King for twenty-five years was the leader who divided us least. Perhaps this is as much as we shall ever be able to say, for a long time to come, about Canadian unity.

But there was one field in which he did give a definite lead—external affairs. And it is in this field that we can now see most clearly that intuitive quality of Mr. King's mind to which I have referred. He grasped what Canadians wanted better than they did themselves, and he was very clear-headed and persistent in moving towards a goal which he saw from the start, but which a good many of his fellow Canadians are not quite sure about yet. He was primarily a North American. He resisted all attempts to make a political or economic or military unit out of the British Commonwealth; in fact, he completed Laurier's work of carrying us past that goal. He realized that a separate exclusive British-Empire alliance is not a workable idea in the contemporary world. Even in the emotional atmosphere of the war he declined all Churchillian invitations into an Imperial War Cabinet. Instead, he was vigorous both in peace and war in strengthening our American ties. Before the war he had already undermined the Bennett-Beaverbrook economic empire of 1932; and after 1939 his alacrity in making American commitments, economic and military, was remarkable. He never consulted parliament or people about these steps; he simply kept us informed.

The significant thing about all this is that Mr. King managed to follow this policy without ever arousing that anti-American fever to which we are so susceptible in Canada. Nothing is easier than to excite Canadians against their great North American neighbor or to get English-speaking Canadians feeling sentimental about their British ties. Yet today most sensible Canadians recognize that the idea of the British nations operating as a kind of "Third Force" apart from the United States is only a dream without basis in the realities of world politics. (There still seem to be too many CCFers in certain parts of Canada who do not yet realize this.) Both we Canadians and the British have no choice but to work in the most intimate collaboration with the Americans. This is the settled policy of the responsible leaders of the British Labor party; and here in Canada our American ties are so vital that we cannot even aspire to be America's Tito as some of the left-wing Labor intellectuals would like Britain to be. Our fundamental interests are identical with American interests; and such separate individual interests as we may have can, in the present state of the world, best be protected not by trying to stand aloof from the United States but by presenting our point of view vigorously from within the North Atlantic Alliance.

It was Mr. King who led us to this point. And his leadership has been so completely accepted that today only the Communists and a diehard remnant of Tories go about talking of "American Imperialism." Well, no, this isn't quite correct. There are also those academic intellectuals in our universities who are still thinking up nasty wisecracks about American imperialism regardless of the fact that most of their own pet research projects are apt to be financed by money from Rockefeller or Carnegie or Guggenheim.

Mr. King's leadership in domestic matters was based upon two fundamentals, both of which need to be pondered deeply by us in the CCF. One was that Canada cannot be governed without the consent and co-operation of the French Canadians; and the other was that in a loosely-knit continental community like ours, with all its diverse inter-

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The Railways and the Strike

We write in the midst of the railway strike; by the time these words are read—at any rate by subscribers outside the Toronto area—it will presumably be over, since this issue can hardly be delivered until then. We write, then, in ignorance of the final outcome, addressing readers who know all about it. There are just two things we can say. First, neither the companies nor the unions can finally be excused for allowing their dispute to develop into a national disaster. Second, the whole community is to blame for its long tolerance of the irrational structure of its most basic industry.

There has never been a national railway strike before. The railway unions have always been cautious almost to the point of excess. On the one hand, they have taken a highly responsible attitude to the work of the railways. But the other side of this respectable record is that the railways have lagged far behind other industries in working conditions, and these long-established unions have much smaller achievements to their credit than vigorous new organizations like the Steelworkers and the UAW.

In the past year there has been a change. The rapid and violent shrinking of the real value of the dollar has left many classes of rail workers with wages that can only be called anachronisms. The 48-hour week, still standard in this industry, can no longer be considered reasonable. And the unions have suddenly stiffened. With great firmness and decision, they have demanded a 40-hour week and a substantial wage increase.

The companies, backed by a conciliation board, stood equally firm on a compromise offer of a slight increase and a 44-hour week—modifying this only at the last minute to a 40-hour week over a year hence, a 4-cent increase, and a small cost-of-living bonus. The union negotiators, arguing that they had waited long enough, and balking at certain subsidiary conditions set by the companies, such as no overtime pay for nine months, exclusion of hotel and water employees, and revisions in working methods, rejected this and allowed the strike to begin. Now, each side had a case—the unions, as usual, having a somewhat better one than the companies. But we cannot see that there were grounds here for either party to allow a strike to occur. The companies admitted a "moral obligation" to grant a 40-hour week, but lamely declined to do so until it had become general in other industries. The unions were faced with an offer which would have been a slight gain for their members. They could have accepted it as an interim arrangement and continued to press for a final settlement. Instead, they chose to disrupt the country at a time of economic difficulty and international crisis. In doing so, they brought on themselves and the whole trade-union movement the opprobrium of the public, which always puts the whole blame for unpopular strikes on the strikers.

And automatically there comes the dangerous argument that strikes in "public utilities" should be banned. Nothing could be more unfair than to reduce a worker's rights and his economic advantage because he has chosen a career of exceptional value to the nation. But it is not too much to ask his unions to realize that their enormous

crippling power be exercised only in cases of gross injustice. More important, management and the people as a whole must realize that workers who are so essential deserve no less than the best conditions of work; and if the structure of the industry does not allow such conditions, the structure must be changed. Wages and hours must be put at a standard level, and this cannot be paid for by further increases in freight-rates; the railways will be just as useless without customers as they are without workers. There must be another way. And it is high time that we found it.

Korea, Canada and the Far East

The past weeks of Security Council discussions under the exasperating presidency of Mr. Malik have made a mockery of the original intention of that body. The Russian delegate has blatantly reduced it to a propaganda platform and the other delegates have been forced to act likewise, although perhaps on a slightly higher level. The Council deliberations, instead of reassuring the peoples of the world with some progress toward settlement and security, have instead increased fear, suspicion, and hatred throughout the world. Mr. Malik has apparently become the No. 1 U.S. television villain. The issue has become confused and buried beneath an avalanche of ideological furore.

American soldiers and those of other nations are fighting the North Koreans not because they are communists, but because they are guilty of an act of aggression. Malik has been doing his best to confuse this issue, particularly in the minds of Asian peoples. Unfortunately, American policy and the emphasis of our newspaper dispatches and editorials have added somewhat to the confusion.

The Korean war is regarded in the western countries as primarily a new phase in the "cold war." This undoubtedly it is, but the emphasis is dangerous. It is linked with perilous situations in other "trouble spots" of the world—in Indo-China, Iran, and, unfortunately, Formosa. The implication of this realist approach is that the North Koreans are being opposed not because they are aggressors, but basically because they are communists.

This is the reaction of the majority of the people of North America and it is a reasonable reaction when one considers what international communism is up to at the present time. Nevertheless it possesses dangers unwisely to overlook. It reveals an unwarranted and dangerous psychological readiness for World War III. The reactions also of the peoples of Asia to being so dragged into the world struggle might be discouraging indeed. Is communism, finally, its strength and manoeuvres at any given time the only thing to worry about in the great complex of Asia? Perhaps the people of that continent have other things on their minds as well. To approach Asia with a communist, cold-war fixation can lead to a disastrous neglect of the great social and moral crisis gripping its people and to a drastic emphasis upon military and strategic policies not at all welcome to those living in the Far East. Perhaps the changed American policy toward Formosa can be strategically justified, but nevertheless UN action in Korea has been linked with the Chinese civil war and the United States appears again as the hated intervener. At a time when the Point Four program should be pushing toward some achievement, it is being forgotten.

In a recent speech Prime Minister Nehru accused the Western powers of not understanding Asia. We, in the West, are prone to answer, perhaps not, but we do understand communism. Upon which basis of understanding should Far Eastern policy be based? No more important question can be asked. It is the dilemma of the West as far as Asia is concerned. The solution, perhaps, is to maintain the keenness of our judgment of communism, but to understand other things as well. The effort might be discomforting, but it is absolutely essential. It means facing realities in Asia, realities which include a deep-rooted distrust of Western powers, a desire for independence, for well-being and stability. Political liberty is a secondary issue. Other things are at present more important than the development of personality. Policy decisions not framed with these Asian facts in mind can only strengthen the Russian hand, which hand at present is intent on keeping the pot well stirred.

The decision of the Canadian government to send a ground force to Korea was logical and highly acceptable. The statement of the Prime Minister that Canada does so only because of her obligations under the UN charter; the government's refusal to support America's Formosa policy; the Canadian suggestion to establish a permanent UN force (which deserves thorough consideration)—these reveal, it would seem, a welcome understanding of the issues at stake. It will be difficult to persuade the peoples of Asia that there is a difference between UN action and foreign intervention, but it must be done.

The CCF Convention

We wonder how many CCF members feel happy about the recent national convention. One might expect that those who supported national-office policies against the so-called B.C. "Trotskyites" would be happy. Certainly, they succeeded in smacking down the "left-wing" group on every issue. However, when the fever of battle has died down, it may turn out to have been a Pyrrhic victory. To those who are concerned about keeping the party genuinely democratic and genuinely socialist, some of the trends apparent at Vancouver were disturbing.

There is reason to believe that certain decisions taken at the convention did not adequately reflect the opinions of the delegates. A case in point was the crucial debate on Korea. While it is undoubtedly true that most of the delegates preferred the national council resolution to Rod Young's amendment, it is also true that many present were not satisfied with either. Because of the way in which the battle was joined, those who could not accept Mr. Young's position, and yet who wanted a foreign policy slightly more socialist than that of the Liberal government, found it impossible to make their opinions felt.

Another unfortunate result of the right-left cleavage was the tendency to vote on resolutions by sides rather than by issues. In this atmosphere delegates were inclined to pin the label of "Trotskyite," "Marxist," or "reactionary" on anything—or anybody—they didn't like, instead of considering the specific proposals on their own merits.

In any large convention it is probably inevitable that those in charge of the machinery will shape the decisions to some extent, but this time there seemed to be an unwarranted amount of control by the resolutions committee. Special resolutions from the national council superseded numerous resolutions from provincial councils and ridings; some resolutions were reworded so that the original mean-

ing was changed; others had clauses added which completely shifted their emphases.

Another problem which the CCF might well consider before the next convention is whether the present method of allotting delegates is democratic. For example, there appears to be some adjustment needed when Saskatchewan had only forty-one delegates to Ontario's forty-four, although in membership Saskatchewan outnumbered Ontario by about five to one. Another questionable feature was the number of delegates who were appointed by provincial executives to represent ridings other than their own.

There also seemed to be some justice in the criticism that Mr. Coldwell should not have prejudged the issue by making a public statement on Korea the night before the convention opened. It is true that the parliamentary group must frequently make decisions without consulting the membership, but surely on this occasion it would have been wiser to delay the statement for two or three days until the delegates had a chance to express themselves. As it was, they were put in the position of having either to discredit their national leader or give wholesale approval to his policy.

The same inclination of the leaders to predetermine policy was evident in the decision to revise the Regina Manifesto. While most members would probably agree that certain sections need to be brought up to date, the philosophical shift evident at the convention seems to have originated in Britain. The criticism of Marxism made by Mr. Coldwell and other CCF leaders at Vancouver in July had been made by British Labor Party secretary Morgan Phillips at the international conference in Copenhagen in June. Perhaps it is desirable that the CCF should follow the British Labor Party in its domestic policy as well as foreign policy, but if it is to retain its right to call itself a democratic movement the issues involved must be more thoroughly debated by the rank-and-file than they have been to date. In fact, such debate and more thorough study of all issues within the party are necessary if the rank and file are to take any real part in shaping policy.

Problems of Minorities

Within recent months we have observed three examples of religious tension reaching the breaking point. Earlier this year a group of Jehovah's Witnesses were run out of the town of Three Rivers, Quebec. In Vernon, British Columbia, more than a hundred Dukhobors were jailed for defiance of man's law. Now, in La Sarre, Quebec mob rule is breaking up Baptist revival meetings by acts of violence affecting both life and property.

Nearly everyone has seen members of Jehovah's Witnesses either peddling tracts, parading as human signboards or standing in mute solicitation on street corners. And though the Witnesses have been able to arouse little public sympathy, they are tolerated by most broad-minded people. As a minority they have rarely endangered the rights of the majority. It was for this reason that their treatment at the hands of Quebec officialdom was deplored. They received our sympathy. We suffer them because they are one of the pin-pricks that the majority must suffer in a democratic country.

In British Columbia, the flare-up of a militant wing of the Sons of Freedom created interest because the Dukhobors not only offended our moral standings by stripping without benefit of a spotlight, but proceeded to insult our sense of property by burning down homes, schools, and other buildings. We were at a loss to know how to deal

with a group who refused to accept the basic concepts of our culture. Fortunately, the government had the sense to recognize the problem and trained sociological and psychological workers were brought in to study the situation. From these findings we may learn how to handle them and they may be taught how to accept us.

The most recent example of a religious minority achieving public interest occurs in La Sarre, Quebec, where a small group of Baptist missionaries have been the cause of mass hysteria and riots which have resulted in bloodshed. Unfortunately, such minorities can always look forward to persecution of one sort or another. But malignant and wilful attack by a rabble when condoned by the passive inaction of the police is undemocratic and inexcusable. Yet during the weeks that the Baptists have sought to proselytize in Northern Quebec, the constabulary has proven itself not only incapable of handling the situation, but has shown itself to be uninterested in trying to do so. Such partisanship when linked with malevolent animosity is disturbing. It reveals how little our people—and our police—have grasped the fundamentals of our way of life.

Mob violence in matters affecting our mores and folkways may be anticipated for many years to come. In British Columbia, government has shown that it can handle such a problem intelligently and sympathetically. In Quebec, although the minority has been pilloried, it is the Canadian public at large that has been sinned against. Perhaps when our sociologists and psychologists leave Vernon, B.C., they can be profitably occupied not only in La Sarre but in the legislature of Quebec.

Summer Culture— An Editorial Aside

We notice with no particular concern the breakdown of any real distinction between winter and summer in the arts. Summer stock and summer concerts are deserting their roles as poor relations. The old seasonal distinction was based, we suppose, on the fact that for an important section of art patrons what they wore to a play or concert was often as important as the performance itself, and, when clothes changed with the heat, the arts changed sympathetically. "Light" summer entertainment went with light clothes. But such events as Toronto's Shakespeare festival by the Earle Grey players and Montreal's modern-dress *Cymbeline* would be remarkable in any winter. As a matter of fact, the Montreal Festival's recent production of Gounod's *Faust* outdid any winter Grand Opera performance, as far as "grandness" went. And outdoor performances have the advantage, if small, of being more intimate and, if large, of being more expansive, than their indoor counterparts. Even among summer groups who still rarely venture farther than yet another performance of a recent Broadway comedy hit like *John Loves Mary* or *Arsenic and Old Lace*, the acting and production make it better than the traditional substitute for a long, cool drink. But before becoming too enthusiastic, we remember rudimentary survivals like the Toronto Prom Concerts, or the usual Summer Radio Replacement; and then there is always the problem of what revenge winter will take.

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Twenty-five Years Ago

Vol. 5, No. 60, September, 1925, *The Canadian Forum*

But there is a final danger in this insidious flag chatter. The excessive use of the flag is a peculiarly republican idiosyncrasy. Our national anthem is "God Save the King"; its only popular rival, the French "O Canada," is still more specifically religious, and closes with the words "pour Christ et le Roi." These national moral symbols are peculiar to our political habits. But the national anthem of our neighbors, that celebrated tongue-twister, "Oh say, do you see," is a flag song, and a flag song alone. It is this empty trade-mark sort of symbolism that is blatantly asserting itself in Canada today. It is neither British nor native. If the vegetative flag should replace the Union Jack, we could then compose a new national hymn to the noble sentiment of its symbolism, that would read like an advertisement: "The British Empire, Maple Leaf Brand, not as good as the American original, but a very good imitation."

CONCERNING MR. KING—Continued

est-groups, political parties that aspire to the responsibility of government must not be class parties but must be a loosely-knit representative collection of voters from all groups, such as the Liberal party has generally been under himself and Laurier. In other words, the federalism which is the essence of both North American countries must be reflected in their political parties.

The CCF has so far failed to make much impression upon the French Canadians. We started with the thesis that the most pressing problems of our country were economic problems, and we have never been sufficiently aware of the French Canadian belief that our concentration on achieving uniform economic solutions may endanger their cultural interests as a minority group in the country. In particular we have never understood their conception of themselves as a special kind of minority with deep-rooted peculiar national institutions. A century ago, in the United States, Calhoun worked out for his Southern minority community a political and constitutional theory of "concurrent majori-



WHAT OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS IS WEARING THIS SEASON

ties," according to which the South must not be coerced but must be a consenting party to all major national policies. In its extreme form this was to give the South a *liberum veto* about slavery, and Calhoun's interpretation of his principle was too rigid and legalistic. But the coercion of the South by the North in the Civil War did not settle the issue; and it is remarkable how often in American books and articles you will come across the conclusion that a complex continental community like the United States can only be satisfactorily governed by a general adherence to Calhoun's principle of "concurrent majorities." Statesmanship consists in achieving an interpretation of this principle flexible enough to satisfy all significant groups. We do not need to accept the most extreme version of the French Canadian principle of "concurrent majorities" in our Canadian national politics, but it is high time that more CCF spokesmen showed that they are aware of what the French are talking about. Mr. King was always aware, as were Macdonald and Laurier. Which is why these three overshadow all other Canadian statesmen.

Quebec is only the chief and most insistent example in Canada of this problem in democratic politics of how to carry all major groups along together in some kind of loose unity. The essence of democratic government is that the rule of the party in power for the time being must be acceptable to those who voted against it as well as to those who voted for it. In the United States this has led most students of politics to agree that a country whose unity is so imperfect and precarious cannot afford class parties. The price of union is that you must get along with parties without principles, like the Democratic and the Republican, parties which can each make a plausible appeal to every interest-group in the country, even if the appeals made to different groups are mutually contradictory. National unity is preserved by having every interest-group effectively represented inside the party which controls the government. The failure of parties like the Populist or the Progressive or Norman Thomas' Socialist party to make any permanent headway seems to show that the ordinary American voter agrees with the students who have made this analysis. Canadian CCFers should read some of the best American books which have been written around this theme in recent years, such as, Pendleton Herring—*The Politics of Democracy* (1940); W. E. Binkley—*American Political Parties, their Natural History* (1943); and Richard Hofstadter—*The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It* (1948).

We CCFers presumably do not agree with this predominant trend in American political thinking. We think of ourselves as a party with principles and doctrine. The CCF, in fact, was an attempt to introduce the British structure of politics into Canada, with a party of the Left and a party of the Right, each adhering to definite principles. Similar attempts had been made earlier by the Progressives of the 1920's, and a similar attempt was also made by the Winnipeg Dafoe group which aimed at turning the Liberal party into a genuinely liberal party (liberal with a small "l"). Mr. King's main contribution to the working of Canadian politics was that he defeated all these attempts (made by men who had been studying English history) and successfully maintained his Liberal party as a typical North American party. Do we have to follow his example if we are ever going to reach office in Ottawa, or can we adjust our British experiment to the North American environment?

The latest of these American books is *The Price of Union* by Herbert Agar, published this year (Houghton-Mifflin). Some of his remarks in his introduction and conclusion are worth quoting here. "The special problems of

the American government derive from geography, national character, and the nature both of a written constitution and of a federal empire . . . The government must accept the fact that in a country so huge, containing such diverse climates and economic interests and social habits and racial and religious backgrounds, most politics will be parochial, most politicians will have small horizons, seeking the good of the State or the district rather than of the Union; yet by diplomacy and compromise, never by force, the government must water down the selfish demands of regions, races, classes, business associations, into a national policy which will alienate no major group and which will contain at least a small plum for everybody. This is the price of unity in a continent-wide federation. Decisions will therefore be slow, methods will be cumbersome, political parties will be illogical and inconsistent; but the people remain free, reasonably united, and as lightly burdened by the state as is consistent with safety . . . The American political system has learned to circumvent threats of secession (the mortal illness of federalism) before they arise; it has learned to evade class warfare (the mortal illness of liberty), and to the dismay of its critics it shows no sign of moving toward class parties. Once in the midst of the long period of learning the system failed totally. The result was civil war. The system must always fail partially, since politics cannot rise above the mixed nature of man . . . A federal nation is safe so long as the parties are undogmatic and contain members of many contradictory views. But when the people begin to divide according to reason, with all the voters in one party who believe one way, the federal structure is strained . . . The faults of such irrational parties are obvious. Brains and energy are lavished, not on the search for truth, but on the search for bargains, for concessions which will soothe well-organized minorities . . . Part of the price is the absence of a clear purpose, since the sum of sectional and class interests is not equal to the national interest, and the exchange of favors between blocs or pressure groups does not make a policy . . . But the United States, until she abandons her federal structure, will continue to be governed by concurrent majorities, by vetoes and filibusters, by parties which take both sides of every dangerous question, which are held together by the amusements and rewards of office-seeking."

This was the kind of politics which Mr. King practiced, and in it he showed a virtuosity which even the great American master, Franklin Roosevelt, could not surpass. Evidently, to judge from the election returns, it fitted Canadian conditions better than the kind of politics which the Progressives and the CCF have been trying to introduce. At its worst it can sink to much lower grounds than Mr. Agar is ever quite prepared to allow. The process of "group diplomacy," of making bargains and deals, may become so cynical that it is only adequately described in another famous definition: "Politics is the art of collecting money from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretext of protecting the one against the other." But to charge that this is its inevitable result would be grossly unfair.

The CCF was launched at a moment when both capitalist economic institutions and North American political parties appeared to be finally bankrupt. It was easy then to conceive of the socialist heaven as shortly about to be inaugurated by a new political party. And there still seem to be a good many Seventh Day Adventists left in the British Columbia wing of the party. But eighteen years of experience since 1932 should have made us mature enough to realize that other political parties will continue to keep alive by helping themselves to all of our planks that turn out to be good vote-getters, that some kind of mixed economy

is all that there is any likelihood of seeing in our life-time, and that indeed too much power concentrated in the hands of the state without some new centres of power to balance it would be very dangerous. A party that is mature enough to understand these truths could learn a great deal from studying the career of Mr. King.

The CCF Failure in Foreign Policy

S. W. Bradford

► IT IS DISCOURAGING to observe that nowhere in this country (outside the Labor-Progressive party) has there been in 1950 any serious radical criticism of the St. Laurent-Pearson-Wrong obeisance to Washington. The Conservative press has recently been saying "too little and too late," but even here has been using Milquetoast epithets compared to the lashing administered to Johnson, Acheson, and Truman in the United States. And far worse, the CCF leaders have been busying themselves only with suppressing the B.C. socialist-pacifist point of view in the Vancouver Convention and out-shouting the Tories in calling for greater participation in the Korean conflict. Is it enough for them to be watering down the Regina Manifesto for domestic purposes and to be ignoring the socialist position on war, imperialism, and international armaments? These questions are not simply the echo of the discredited pacifist-isolationism of the 1930's; they beg the further question of what Canadian socialists have to offer as a genuine and original contribution to the formation of a democratic foreign policy aimed at the prevention of atomic mutual destruction. Surely that question has not been adequately considered in recent issues of the *Forum* or of the CCF press.

If Canadian socialists have been skirting this fundamental issue, Labour party and Fabian leaders in the United Kingdom, and progressive pacifists in the United States have been deeply preoccupied with it. They have not been content with the bungling and high-handed manner in which the Department of State administered UN before June 25; nor have they tumbled over themselves crying, "Me too!" when the United States illegally acted in the name of UN in the Korean venture.

In the United States, the most interesting discussion of these questions was published by the American Friends' Service Committee late in 1949.¹ This dispassionate survey of American-Russian relations brought the distinguished Quaker authors to some positive recommendations. Since, they say, both systems, capitalist and communist, are likely to endure as far ahead as we can see, they must learn to live and let live. The tension between the two now is tremendously augmented by the unlimited race for arms superiority. Neither system is as inflexible dogmatically as its opponent suspects, and those in the Western world who believe that a Marxist is everywhere and at all times the same under the skin are gravely mistaken. With these points in mind, suggest the Quakers, our attention should be focussed not upon those aspects of the communist system which differentiate it from ours, and which we condemn, but upon the possible points of contact between the two systems. Particularly should trade between east and west Europe be again permitted and encouraged by the United States. Discussion on a German peace treaty should be reopened. There must be a fresh approach by the United

This article and other signed articles do not necessarily express the editorial opinion of The Canadian Forum. One of the aims of this magazine is to provoke discussion.

States to the UN as a body for negotiating the settlement of disputes (and one might now add as a body which must always represent the existing governments of the peoples of the world). In that organization the United States and other non-Communist countries should concentrate upon issues where they could vote with and not against the USSR. There should be a positive willingness on the part of the United States to reduce the burden of armaments and to concede that conventional as well as newer weapons be considered together in this over-riding problem. The development of an international civil service and co-operation with Russia in the economic development of backward areas are further suggestions in the same theme. All this, of course, to our new War Hawks in Canada and the United States, is anathema. But to a socialist who is, or should be, disturbed by the hydrogen bomb and the recent history of China, Formosa, Japan, Korea, Indo-China, Malaya, the Quaker book must hold an appeal. Or do we all abandon ship in a "preventive war"?

In England, C. E. M. Joad, an ex-pacifist, outlined some possible British conclusions which might reasonably follow a reading of the Quaker book.² Granting the validity of the basic Quaker points, writes Joad, how best can the United Kingdom further the process of mutual accommodation between the two great imperial nations? He argues the necessity of Britain's cutting away from partnership in American policies and then, as a declared neutral in the world struggle of Russia and America, and in partnership with an increasing number of neutrals (including, he hopes, other Commonwealth countries), using her weight in the United Nations to bring about a decrease in armaments and an increase in co-operative progressive activity. This seems to be a renewal of the third force idea and, as Joad writes, "It is surprising, considering the importance of the issues involved and the amount of discussion they evoke, how little consideration has been publicly given to the question whether and on what terms we could keep out." He suggests the maintenance of the present level of armaments which would provide Britain and other neutrals with a high nuisance value for any potential aggressor. This may be an extreme proposition, but when one considers the position of Britain, now a declared ally of the United States, as a permanent aircraft carrier off the coast of an ill-defended Western Europe, the Joad proposal assumes some of the color of moderation.

In France and the other countries of Western Europe and Scandinavia the idea of neutrality gains strength daily. At Paris, two leading historians, Etienne Gilson and André Siegfried, are leaders in the advocacy of this policy. Their voice arguments similar to those expressed in England by Joad and the more independent Labor party members. All seem to agree that democracy must pay at least as much attention to its social-economic defences against communism as to its military. Many have proposed that the Western European countries should emulate the military organization and purposes of the Swiss and the Swedes. France in particular is coming to understand that Western Europe cannot undertake to fulfil the American plans of military expansion without jeopardizing its social and economic re-

¹ *The United States and the Soviet Union, Some Quaker Proposals for Peace*, New Haven, 1949.

² *New Statesman and Nation*, June 3, 1950.

covery and thereby leaving itself vulnerable to a vigilant communism within its own borders.

One may well ask whether Canadian socialists have pondered these questions—and how Korea affects this "wild talk." Are we simply to abandon our scruples, accept the American account of its stewardship in South Korea, and send our forces to the East for General MacArthur to use indiscriminately from Formosa to the conquest of North Korea? What real guarantees has a Canadian socialist that the Korean war is not, after all, just another outbreak in an ever most desperate imperial rivalry between Russia and the United States? The capitalist dictatorship of MacArthur in Japan, the fiercely reactionary regimes of Chiang-Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, the unrivalled corruption of French colonial policy in Indo-China—is it not more important to revise all this before risking an atomic war in defence of the 38th parallel? How many of the CCF leaders who now call for Canadian troops attempted to learn anything of the South Korean dictatorship's repression of all reform and civil liberty; or of the South Korean Labor party members who opposed Rhee's planned invasion of North Korea and demanded the withdrawal of both Russian and American troops and advisers? These men received jail sentences ranging up to ten years.³ Is the CCF as a party finally condemned to an uncritical defence of the *status quo* throughout the world?

In 1885, Sir John A. Macdonald turned down the British request for assistance in the Sudan with his famous comment that "Gladstone and Co." would have to rely on their own resources to extricate themselves from the hole into which they were plunged by "their own imbecility." In historical perspective the present policy of the CCF puts it far to the right of the notable old loyalist. Indeed, if the CCF wishes to remain a truly Canadian party it will have to do some very hard thinking about the realities of this world, and not get led down the path of American expansionism which it views at present through the clouded spectacles of "collective security." It would do well to study such current criticism as has been noted above, and also to consider Canada's own experience in foreign affairs.

The first fifty years of Canada's national existence were spent in almost unceasing effort to develop national cohesion and genuine independence of action—to cast off the last vestiges of colonial dependence. During that time also, successive Canadian statesmen sought every opportunity to conciliate threatened breaches of the peace between Britain and America—to keep Canada from being ground to pieces between two expansive imperialisms (or, if the reader likes, between one imperialism and one manifest destiny). The belief that the experiment in building a nation was worthwhile sustained much of this effort and most Canadians shied away from any future in which the world would be divided into two great power blocks in which the more liberal virtues of smaller sovereign or autonomous units would be forewarned. Today Canada's relationship to the United States appears to be as much one of colonial dependence as was our relationship to Britain during most of the years after 1867. One seeks in vain to discover any sphere in which Canadian policy abroad, or control of economic (and therefore social) development at home is not basically affected by American investment or influence. This may or may not be a desirable condition, but as the picture comes more clearly into focus one is reminded of Edward Blake's great West Durham letter of 1891 in which he warned his countrymen of just this peril. If union with the United States is inevitable, he wrote, let us dis-

cuss the terms on which it will take place. If it is not, let us discover whether we wish to bring it about or not. In other words, let us look the facts in the face and make up our minds about the conclusions that may be drawn from them.

Again, Canadians have always prided themselves on their willingness and ability, while growing in independence, to act as "interpreter" between Britain and the United States, in the interest of Canadian development and safety. Today, when Russia has replaced Britain as the greatest block to American expansion, is there any less need for Canadians to do a little conciliating—a job which cannot be done while we are riveted to the Eagle? This is by no means a suggestion that Canada withdraw from any developing system of collective security, but it is a plea that CCF leaders examine more closely than they seem to have done the current policies of collective security which, like those of Goering, seem always to place guns ahead of butter. These policies leave great areas of the world open to the real force of Communist aggression which is to be found in infiltration and propaganda in economically depressed or backward areas. They expose not only Britain and Western Europe militarily; they leave Canada destined for the role of first and most devastated battleground of World War III.

Canada presumably wishes to remain independent and to make her contribution to world political and economic development as a nation and not as a satellite. Let us then consider again the practical and moral virtues of the third force (which has nearly died at the hands of "realist" Ernest Bevin), and work with others, inside the Commonwealth (like Nehru's India) and outside the Commonwealth, for a world which socialists could call free.

Letter from London

Stella Harrison

► A FILM IS BEING SHOWN in London which is disturbingly interpretative of our times. The reviewing of films has its own place in this periodical and I am sure that if and when Jean Cocteau's *Orphée* reaches the Canadian screen, it will be handsomely dealt with by the discriminating colleagues whose province is the film review. My excuse for writing about it here is that after a month of conferences, congresses and distinguished visitors in the flesh, this magic shadow show remains the most illuminating experience of the season.

In painting we have become accustomed to the relationship between the texture of shadow and the quality of the light that engenders it. These shadows are cast by a supernatural light of reality, far removed from the other-worldliness of the International Bar Association's draft convention against genocide or the Academy of Comparative Law's studies on the effects of divorce on nationality or yet of the International Congress of Professional Women's deliberations on women in public life.

The film has several of the familiar and sometimes tiresome tricks of the earlier "legend" pictures—Jean Marais woodenly undergoing predetermined miseries one felt he might have surmounted by the exercise of a little native wit; a female partner of such wide-eyed innocence that you could slap her, recumbent corpses swivelling upright at the word of command (an effect achieved presumably by "playing back" a shot of the actor falling down and guaranteed to irritate at the first time of seeing and to infuriate at the second and third). They are the idiosyncrasies of genius,

³ *New York Times*, March 14, 1950; *New York Herald Tribune*, November 1, 1949.

the flaws by which an original masterpiece is distinguishable from a slavish copy. Certainly, if the rôle of the artist is to perceive something that was invisible to the rest of us, and by expressing it to enable us all to see it, this film is art.

The Orpheus of Cocteau contemplates Death in a mirror and descends to the underworld not so much to reclaim his lost Eurydice as to have speech with Death. He is as blind to the dusty décor of Hades as he is indifferent to the prim cosiness of home complete with gas cooker, chintz curtains, and wife knitting tiny garments. He is in love with Death. That is the terrifyingly-topical significance of the film. It does not strike one at first, the immediate impact is not extraordinarily forceful. Nor is it simply memorable in the sense of remaining in the memory; the recollection fades as rapidly as another woman's perfume passing in the street, only to come surging back with suffocating insistence at night, in the small hours, at mealtimes or during a conversation—particularly during a conversation about politics.

The most passionate kisses of Orpheus are those he presses on the dark lips of Death, his most exalted phrases are those in which he pleads to remain alone with her eternally, his most fervent efforts as a poet are concentrated on capturing the imagery of her world. Therefore it is not astonishing that the most convincing sequences are those in which he pursues Death pantingly through the sunlit streets (to the neglect of his important appointment with the inspector of police), nor that the least credible scene is the one at the end where he and Eurydice awake from their nightmare in the shades with every indication of living happily ever after.

If this was not written as a parable for a generation in love with death, then it is the strangest of accidents. The trance-like inevitability of the action faithfully portrays the dream processes of a civilization that would like to outlaw genocide whilst drifting fascinated toward suicide. The ultimate disquieting note is sounded—precisely in the finale, when instead of coming out with a solution, the god pops back into the machine leaving us with the problem stated and no solution to hope for.

Perhaps it may be rash to generalize from three examples, but on the face of it war in our generation is war in defence of a sacred principle. Some who had misgivings about the 1914 war, suspecting in the plight of gallant little Belgium a pretext to make them fight for economic interests, could have no such doubts when it came to the ideological war against Hitler. We were quite sure, even without the exhortations, the gloss of synthetic glamor in pictures of marching men, the blood-curdling details of atrocity stories. This time one wonders if it is by sheer force of habit that the newspapers bring out the photographs of cheerful reservists swinging their kitbags gaily across their sturdy shoulders, the atrocity stories to galvanize a public opinion too slow to anger.

Nobody seriously questions our preference as between guns and butter. We are wedded to the love of peace and for her sake we will if need be put on the livery of war, the enchanted gloves that give to our hands the power to open the gates of hell. Our way of life is more precious than life itself. That being so, the cheerful photos and the rest of the sales patter are redundant. We are entering into renewed austerity. We are laying upon ourselves the harsh yoke of a self-denying ordinance as a measure of self-preservation. We purpose to deprive ourselves of our hearts' desire in order to maintain our right to desire it. If we are sincerely persuaded that we were better dead than constrained to exist under a system that would deny us every-

thing that makes life worth living, then nothing can stop us—unless, of course, the enemy is similarly persuaded.

That thought surprises us, as it surprises the gentle missionary that the local cannibals should actually prefer the bloody rites of idols to the blessed mystery of the sacrament. So illogical an idea could scarcely be worked out to a logical conclusion; but if it could, that conclusion would be annihilation. The inventiveness of our age has tracked annihilation through the sunny streets of science and concentrated its efforts on perfecting the formulae of destruction. Since the first frightening glimpse in the mirror of our times, we have contemplated death so often that her face is now familiar. She is not exactly beautiful but has the charm of absolute repose.

P.S.—A rather worrying query. How much positive proof is there that creatures biologically similar to us find existence under the regime which we abhor less tolerable than death in actual practice? *London, England, August 9, 1950.*

General de Gaulle Patricia van der Esch

► IT WAS WITH A GREAT DEAL of interest, mingled with a certain scepticism, that I went to the large rally of the Rassemblement du Peuple Français to hear General de Gaulle. Twenty thousand people filled the Velodrome d'Hiver almost to capacity. The "Vél d'Hiv," as it is commonly called, is one of the largest sports arenas in Paris for boxing, cycle racing and skating.

The audience was a predominantly middle class group. The young men of the RPF who acted as ushers wore make-shift uniforms—armbands and badges bearing the Cross of Lorraine worn on old army jackets. Otherwise there was no evidence of the military discipline of the old Croix de Feu groups.

General de Gaulle arrived fifteen minutes late. Eight searchlights were trained on his tall figure as he walked onto a high platform draped with French flags. He wore a plain dark suit and his large, aquiline nose was unmistakable. He raised both hands and waved to acknowledge the ovation from the crowd.

He briefly introduced Jacques Soustelle, the secretary of the RPF, and then André Malraux, one of the most prominent French intellectuals who was formerly a Communist. Malraux in particular spoke with the fire of a political orator. Both men emphasized the menace of Communism, the growing strength of the RPF, and the necessity of a strong France, independent of the United States.

De Gaulle's speech was disappointing in two respects. In the first place, he is not an orator and almost draws out his words—most unusual for a Frenchman! Secondly, there was nothing concrete about the domestic program of his movement which everyone has been waiting to hear about for over two years. *Le Figaro*, the main Catholic daily paper, criticized him sharply on this point. He emphasized the RPF revulsion against the Communists and their wish to substitute "association" between capital and labor in place of the class warfare of the Communists. He always referred to the Communists as "les séparatistes" because he believed that they owed allegiance to the Soviet Union and not to France. However, he gave no description of the new political and social institutions which he envisages for France.

In order to grasp the RPF program it is therefore necessary to go back to a press conference given by De Gaulle

in April, 1947. He affirmed then that the RPF would fight the elections but not as an ordinary political party because the crisis was too urgent and above the party level. He believed that the separation of executive and legislative power in France was essential in order to prevent one man or one party from dominating the State. The President should be elected by the people through electoral colleges as in the United States and he should be invested with far greater powers so that continuity of policy could be maintained even although the ministries changed. De Gaulle approved of the nationalization of coal, electricity, transport, credit, and even social insurance.

The RPF, contrary to the popular impression even inside France, does not support the capitalistic economic system. The Manifesto of the Gaullist Union which appeared in 1946 states explicitly (Article VIII) that "the economic and social institutions ought to be renewed. Capitalism in its development has produced an economic feudalism incompatible with the principles of 1789. The system must be abolished as all feudal régimes." The main criticism levelled at the RPF is that it is not clear how it will reform or renew the economic system and nothing has been said to clear away the uncertainty that still exists on this point.

A predominant note of General de Gaulle's speech, and one that raised the most applause, was that of French nationalism. He referred to the war years during which he "held the destiny of France" on his shoulders, but he had refrained from forming a government in 1945 because too many sections of the population were opposed to him. He would certainly prosecute the war in Viet Nam with greater fervor and even referred with satisfaction to the fact that the French army was, at that time, "the only one in action." There is no doubt that the RPF would conduct French colonial policy on the lines of the old imperialism to a greater extent even than the present government. De Gaulle wants to fight Indo-China with all the armed force France can muster in order to bring it into a French union based on federal principles.

The strength of the RPF at the present moment is difficult to estimate. There must have been many people like myself at the impressively large rally in the Vél d'Hiv who were there through interest rather than because of any sympathy for the RPF. I left the meeting with the impression that if de Gaulle were ever in power in France, he himself might not wish a dictatorship, but he would not be strong enough to resist the forces which would drive him to institute a Fascist type of government—the army, the traditional aristocracy, the Church and the big business interests.

At a press conference in March, the only important point to emerge was de Gaulle's plan for a Franco-German alliance. The French press was generally unfavorable in its reactions to the conference as a whole. *Le Populaire* (Socialist) wrote that he attacked the Republic, *Franc-Tireur* (Conservative) talked of his "formulas without interest" and his "unchanged themes," while *l'Humanité* (Communist) attacked his proposal for a Franco-German alliance as a move to benefit the big trust companies. In any case, it fore-shadowed the reserved support given to the Schuman Plan by the RPF.

On reading the full report of the press conference, however, one is struck by the evasions and tautology it contains. De Gaulle denied again that the RPF was a political party, although it wanted to achieve power by the vote; he refused to reply when asked what would happen if the RPF did not achieve power in the next elections, on the basis that it was a question of conjecture. He said no more about "l'association capital-travail" except that it was necessary to have a new political régime to achieve it. When questioned about

the war in Viet Nam, he replied that, "la présence en Indochine de la France et de l'armée française sont les raisons pour lesquelles l'Indochine a des chances d'indépendance et de liberté."

General de Gaulle has recently stated his views on events in Korea. He believed that Korea shows how the "Soviet system acts everywhere where national forces and social revolt offer it an occasion" and, "All these local actions (in Indo-China, China, Burma, Tibet, and Korea) serve the Soviet Union as preparation for the great shock." He felt that American intervention was of great importance for Europe because for the first time it was clear that the United States would act in defence of its interests; Truman and MacArthur must be praised for the promptness of the decision to intervene. He was asked directly if war was inevitable. "God alone can reply," was the only response.

Unless General de Gaulle becomes a great deal more logical and concrete in his utterances, it is inconceivable that the French people will ever give the RPF the majority of their votes. The French left-wing and trade union movements are too strong and too unalterably opposed to all that General de Gaulle stands for both in domestic and foreign policy to allow him to achieve power. *Paris, July, 1950.*

Canada's UNESCO Policy

Albert A. Shea

► IN NOVEMBER, UNESCO will be five years old. Canada was among the 44 nations that founded the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization in London, in 1945. The UNESCO family has now grown to 56, and we are told that Canada is a close member of the family. It's not so. The present relationship between Canada and UNESCO does neither Canadians nor UNESCO much good. Where there should be a healthy two-way flow of ideas and people, there is only a single strand of communication that leads from UNESCO House in Paris to the East Block at Ottawa. Canada's policy is compounded chiefly of lip-service loyalty and carping criticism. UNESCO deserves better.

Since 1946, when the Canadian Education Association and the Canadian Teachers' Federation were represented in the Canadian delegation to UNESCO's first general conference, the Canadian delegations have consisted solely of civil servants. For the fourth session held in Paris, in September, 1949, Canada summoned a member of its embassy staff from the distant silences of Moscow to head the delegation. Following the conference he returned to Moscow. He was assisted by two members of the civil service from Ottawa and by members of the Canadian Embassy in Paris. Perhaps someone can explain just how this helped to establish contact between UNESCO and all those Canadian artists, educators, and scientists who are supposed to be helping UNESCO and benefitting from its efforts?

It would seem that the high point of inspiration Canada has to offer UNESCO is criticism of its budget. The following expression of position by the Canadian delegate is the one the government saw fit to quote in *Canada and the United Nations, 1949*: "It is to be feared that unless there is a great degree of realism in the UNESCO program and a further improvement in the efficiency of the organization's operation (including a very considerable reduction in overhead), it will become increasingly difficult to persuade the public of many countries, including that of Canada, that

their governments should continue to give full support to UNESCO." This is like a parent who gives his child a penny, and seriously warns the child not to spend it all in one store. UNESCO, charged with the global task of establishing the firm foundations of enduring peace in the minds of men, has an annual budget of \$8 millions, an amount equal to the budget of a single Canadian university, the University of Toronto.

Criticism from Canada would be more in order if Canada were fulfilling her obligations to UNESCO. But, not content with making the life of UNESCO difficult by her expressions of sanctimonious parsimony, Canada is also shirking her clear responsibilities to the organization.

The Constitution of UNESCO, Article VII, states: "Each Member State shall make such arrangements as suit its particular conditions for the purpose of associating its principal bodies interested in educational, scientific, and cultural matters with the work of the Organization, preferably by the formation of a National Commission broadly representative of the Government and such bodies." Some forty of the fifty-six member states have established National Commissions, in accordance with this article. But, in five years, Canada has not yet got around to establishing this necessary link between UNESCO and the organizations and people in this country who should be in direct contact with it.

The nearest approach to a link between the Canadian people and UNESCO was the Canadian Council of Reconstruction through UNESCO, known as the CCRU, which is currently closing its books and planning to return its charter to the government. Ask any Canadian who knows that UNESCO is a U.N. agency, and doesn't think it is a biscuit company, and he will tell you of the urgent need to establish a Canadian National Commission for UNESCO. The briefs to the Massey Commission contained dozens of firm requests by representative national organizations for the establishment of such a National Commission. A partial list includes the Canadian Arts Council, Canadian Education Association, Canadian Teachers' Federation, Canadian Association for Adult Education, Canadian Citizenship Council, Canadian Congress of Labor, United Nations Association in Canada.

Some of these organizations have asked the government to go further and establish a United Nations Commission, to maintain contact between Canadians and all organs and specialized agencies of the U.N. But a National Commission for UNESCO, for which all the machinery already exists on the U.N. side, would represent a practical starting-point.

Canada's annual contribution to UNESCO from the public treasury amounts to \$300,000. If we are not getting value for our money, the fault is our own. In its work on behalf of the natural and social sciences, fundamental education, exchange of persons, mass communication, theatres, libraries, and museums, UNESCO has much to offer Canada. The staff of UNESCO House in Paris includes twenty-five Canadians who are making an important and unheralded contribution to the work of the organization. There are a multitude of ways in which Canadians could help and be helped by UNESCO. UNESCO has need of skills and ideas which many Canadians could offer, if only they knew about UNESCO, and UNESCO knew about them.

The CCRU, mentioned earlier, was established in 1947 on the suggestion of the Department of External Affairs. In it some fifty national organizations worked to help repair the damages of war in the fields of education, science, and culture. With a government grant, and with funds raised in a joint campaign with the Canadian Appeal for Children, the CCRU was able to send 20,000 packages of

basic school supplies overseas, provide scientific equipment to twenty-five damaged universities, grant sixty-three Canada-UNESCO fellowships which enabled teachers and government experts from abroad to study in Canada for six months, send art supplies to artists in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Ethiopia, and ship close to 200,000 books overseas.

Now the period of postwar emergency aid is past. It is time to establish permanent machinery for building a peaceful and progressive world.

There is a hint of the possible next step in the letter written by Lester B. Pearson which spelt "finis" to the CCRU. He wrote, in part: "The Secretary of State for External Affairs does not hold out any prospect that CCRU, as presently constituted, should continue in existence. One alternative, of course, is that the voluntary organizations which originally responded to the CCRU appeal should themselves pursue whatever efforts they may deem wise and necessary."

Here is a challenge to the national organizations which have been urging the necessity for closer contact with UNESCO through the official establishment of a National Commission. There is no need to wait until the Massey Commission submits its report; no need to wait, after that, until the government gets around to acting upon its recommendation—which can hardly be doubted—that a Canadian National Commission for UNESCO be formed. There is nothing which stands in the way of the establishment of an unofficial and provisional National Commission for UNESCO by interested organizations. With the Minister's blessing already given, such a group could proceed to establish contact with UNESCO and help to provide the badly needed two-way highway between Canada and UNESCO along which a vigorous export and import trade in ideas and people can flow.

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Farmers for Import

John Envers

► THOSE WHO HAVE READ this correspondent's "Germany Revisited II" in the *Canadian Forum's* February issue will perhaps remember his description of and comments on the attitude of German-speaking immigrants on their way to the New World aboard the *Beaverbrae*; the expression "German-speaking" is used because under no circumstances must one refer to these stateless persons and Allied nationals as German, in spite of a rather pronounced teutonic bearing. Each such transport presented itself as a unit composed of displaced persons with similar experiences, prejudices, hopes, and fears. The most obvious impression to be gained was very likely that of a total absence of fundamental knowledge of matters relating to their future domicile, and also—to some extent—of the inclination to drift into whatever was in store.

This unit has in recent months been joined by another group: the Canadian Pacific vessel *Beaverbrae*—a former German freighter—has to follow her call at Bremerhaven by one at Rotterdam, in the Netherlands, to embark Dutch families, whose heads, after overcoming the horrors of applications to local and Canadian authorities, have succeeded in securing employment and quarters in this country. Well-dressed and self-confident as they usually are, they make it quite clear from the beginning that the crowded accommodation and the cafeteria self-service system are not to their liking; were it not for the difficulty in obtaining a passage within a short time, they would not have hesitated—they say—to have taken an ordinary steamer. But—and this seems to upset them much more—the van Hops and van der Brennens have to share a greatly limited "Lebensraum"—generally in converted cargo holds—with Müllers and Schultzes, citizens, who as Volksdeutsche cannot deny that they served in the "other camp" throughout the late war. For the Dutch are a people who neither forgive nor betray easily.

All these instances were further underlined by the peculiar fact that the Bremerhaven intake was obliged to do fatigues under an agreement with the Canadian Christian Council, the body responsible for bringing them over here. The "Käsköpfe" (Cheeseheads) as the German-speakers called their fellow-travellers, had to be treated as ordinary passengers, whereas the Bremerhaveners were to repay all expenses at some future date, that is to say, the Netherlands had purchased their ticket in good, hard guilders and cents; the desire to be waited on instead of having to furnish active co-operation in running the ship was therefore only too natural. Once, however, the Dutch had observed the absolute necessity—owing to shortage of crew—of maintaining "Reinigungs-kommandos" (Fatigue squads), volunteers were never slow in forthcoming.

Further unrest was caused because the Netherlands—who had been permitted to export a number of dollars—were able to buy beer and canteen goods; the others had to be content with a parcel containing cigarettes, sweets, etc. This was a free issue. It took the responsible members of the vessel's catering staff quite some time to explain the reason for all this; they were ably assisted by some Dutchmen, who had made themselves leaders of their group—generally by conducting religious services. The stewards and these passengers did their best to convey to Bremerhaveners and Rotterdammers alike that—once in Canada—they would have to start afresh and, in all probability—have to live as neighbors. Times were too serious for squabbles.

As the days went by the surface of hostility did indeed cease. Most Netherlands speak—or at least understand—German; the children played with each other, or, if they fought, they fought without nationalistic innuendos. In these fights it would always be the Dutch who would have to come out on top by the sheer weight of their numbers: Hollanders do not emigrate because they are poor; they leave their homeland—cherishing it as they do—because there is not enough room for their children. Most of them have sold their property and sailed in order to give their most treasured possession—their offspring—a chance of a better and roomier life. It is said that the terrific number of boxes and trunks Dutchmen export with them is only matched by the terrifying number of infants: more often than not well above ten, the others—and there always are others—either still in the Netherlands or already in Canada, or, perhaps, yet serving his Queen and country. Young couples—recently married—often wish for small families; but—they shrug their shoulders—it's really up to God.

God—to these people—is a very real personage; one might say, He is one more passenger on the *Beaverbrae*, looking after his sheep during the crossing. He is constantly referred to, asked for advice, thanked, and made to feel at home. This very instance perfectly illustrates the intention of the Netherlands to take with them life and institutions as they know them; there will be many little Hollands in North America, just as there was one on the ship during the voyage. Here, however, it must in due fairness be confessed that the Bremerhaveners if not harassed by babies galore beat the Rotterdammers at the traditional game of "Dutch Cleanliness." But, when it came to a showing of family, patriotic and religious feeling, the Hollanders led undisputably. They—unlike the disillusioned and conquered German-speakers—had allowed nothing to shake their belief in loved traditions. At meals, during cinema shows, at prayer, on deck: the families were together. There were Dutch sing-songs, greatly enjoyed and lined by fun-and-games. Many sung verses dealt with the glories of the Dutch fatherland; and the Bremerhaveners may perhaps be forgiven for smiling whenever in the Dutch national anthem the lines about the "prince of German blood" were repeated.

Yes, those dear Dutch—if one may be forgiven the term—are naive and yet intelligent and level-headed. They may not be sentimental dreamers, but other qualities make them lovable: their feeling of belonging together, their hold on the past, their belief in the future—a solidarity not quickly forgotten. One realizes that a Dutch hand extended in friendship is a worthwhile gesture and that the very definite Dutch stubbornness can only be bargained away by real values. Most of the crew of the *Beaverbrae* will not share your correspondent's impression: they much preferred to cater for Bremerhaveners, since the German-speakers were quicker in performing routine tasks,—the Dutch referred to the amount of guilders paid for service. This writer feels that the very stubbornness and reflective attitude, allied by the deep feeling for soil and kin, will help these New Canadians—Dutch as they may remain—to become citizens this country may be proud to have attracted by more than "wide open spaces."

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INDIAN VILLAGE, NORTH VANCOUVER—by J. MACKELOP



O CANADA

Business promotion. Party who can put demonstrators in chain and department stores can make large profits with our useful item. Costs 4 cents each, sells at 35 cents each. Will justify investigation.

(Advertisement, Globe and Mail)

City officials, churchmen, and women's groups today joined in condemning the painting by Paul Cadmus, a U.S. artist, as lewd, lascivious, and immoral. Con. John Innes promised he would raise the matter at the next meeting of the C.N.E. board of directors and at least one alderman served notice the painting will be the subject of city council debate Friday. "It is a terrible thing," the controller declared. "It's going to be a sell-out," Con. Allan Lamport said.

(Toronto Star)

"Why that picture is so doggone suggestive, it's bad," Con. Balfour added. "I'm going to tell Hughes in no uncertain terms that picture must be banned," he declared. "But I don't see why it should be necessary to call it to his attention."

(Toronto Star)

Bonnie Prince Not Jealous Of Sister. (Headline, Toronto Star)
City Police Raid Carleton Council Party. Find Liquor On Table In Courthouse. (Headline, The Ottawa Citizen)

Opposition Leader George Drew paid old friends a visit yesterday when he dropped in to the monthly session of Carleton County Council. Mr. Drew wished that the business of the country as a whole could be conducted with the same intimacy as is manifest in county councils.

(The Ottawa Citizen)

Bigwin Inn, Ontario's Finest Summer Resort. Complete Brokerage Facilities, Toronto stock Exchange Ticker.

(Advertisement, Globe and Mail)

Mayer McCallum today told board of Control he was dubious about granting the same consideration to civic employees who joined the special Canadian force to serve under the U.N. as those who joined up during the last war. "This is not a general call to arms. The government has only called for a special force to serve anywhere under the United Nations," the mayor declared. "Some of these men might be away indefinitely," he added.

(Toronto Star)

OFFICE manager, by Christian organization, opportunity for one interested in a spiritual ministry. Reply, giving statement of Christian testimony and salary expected. Box 1000.

(Toronto Star)

This month's price of a six month's subscription goes to D. H. Millard, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Karma

(SHORT STORY)

Khushwant Singh

► SIR MOHAN LAL looked at himself in the mirror of the railway station waiting room. It was obviously made in India. The red oxide at its back had come off at several places and long lines of translucent glass cut across the reflective surface. Sir Mohan smiled at the mirror with an air of pity and patronage.

"You are so very much like everything else in this country, inefficient, dirty, indifferent," he murmured.

The mirror smiled back at Sir Mohan.

"You are a bit of all right, old chap," it said. "Distinguished, efficient—even handsome. That neatly trimmed mustache, the suit from Saville Row with the carnation in the buttonhole, the aroma of Eau de Cologne, talcum powder, and scented soap all about you! Yes, old fellow, you are a bit of all right."

Sir Mohan pulled out his chest, nudged his Balliol tie for the umpteenth time, and waved a good-bye to the mirror.

He glanced at his watch. There was still time for a quick one.

"Koi Hai."

A bearer in white livery appeared through a wire gauze door.

"Ek Chota," ordered Sir Mohan, and sank into a large cane chair to drink and ruminate.

Outside the waiting room Sir Mohan Lal's luggage lay piled along the wall. On a small gray steel trunk, Lady

Mohan Lal sat chewing betel leaf and fanning herself with a newspaper. She was short and fat and in her middle forties. She wore a dirty white sari with a red border. On one side of her nose glistened a diamond, and she had several gold bangles on her arms. She had been talking to the bearer until the master had summoned him inside. As soon as he had gone she hailed a passing railway coolie.

"Where does the Zenana halt?"

"Right at the end of the platform."

The coolie flattened his turban, hoisted the steel trunk on his head, and proceeded down the platform. Lady Mohan picked up her brass tiffin carrier and ambled along behind him. On the way she stopped by a hawk to replenish her silver betel leaf case and then joined the coolie. She sat down on her steel trunk (which the coolie had put down) and started talking to him.

"Are the trains very crowded on these lines?"

"These days all trains are crowded, but you'll find room in the Zenana."

"Then I might as well get over the bother of eating."

Lady Mohan opened the brass carrier and took out a bundle of cramped chapatties and a hump of mango pickle. While she ate, the coolie sat opposite her on his haunches, drawing lines in the gravel with his finger.

"Are you travelling alone, sister?"

"No, brother. I am with my master. He is in the waiting room. He travels first class. He is a Vizier and a Barrister, and meets so many officers and Englishmen in the trains—and I am only a native woman. I can't understand the sahibs and don't know their ways, so I keep to my Zenana inter-class."

Lady Mohan chatted away merrily. She was fond of talk and gossip and had no one to talk to at home. Her husband never spared any time for her. She lived in the upper storey of the house and he on the ground floor. He did not like her poor illiterate relatives hanging about his bungalow, so they never came. He came up to her once in a while at night and stayed for a few minutes. Even then he just ordered her about in anglicized Hindustani monosyllables and she obeyed passively.

The signal came down and a steel rail clanged to announce the arrival of the train. Lady Mohan hurriedly finished off her remaining chapatties and got up still licking the stone of the pickled mango. She emitted a long, loud belch as she went to the public tap to rinse her mouth and wash her hands. After washing she dried her mouth and hands with the loose end of her sari, and walked back to her steel trunk, belching and thanking the gods for the favor of a filling meal.

The train steamed in and came to a halt. Lady Mohan found herself facing an almost empty inter-class Zenana compartment next to the guard's van, at the tail-end of the train. The rest of the train was packed. She heaved her squat, bulky frame through the door and found a seat by the window. She produced two annas from a knot in her sari and dismissed the coolie. She then opened her betel-case, smeared two betel leaves with lime paste, powdered betel nuts, and cardamoms. She thrust them in her mouth till her cheeks were puffed out on both sides. Having finished with the work, Lady Mohan relaxed by the window chewing the betel and watching the jostling crowd on the platform.

The arrival of the train did not disturb Sir Mohan Lal's sangfroid. He continued to sip his Scotch and ordered the bearer to inform him when he had arranged the luggage in a first-class compartment. Excitement, hurry, and bustle were exhibitions of bad breeding and Sir Mohan was eminently well bred. He wanted everything "tickety-poo" and orderly. In his five years abroad, Sir Mohan had acquired the manners and attitudes of the upper classes. He rarely spoke Hindustani. When he did it was like an English-

man—only the very necessary words and properly anglicized. But he fancied his English, finished and refined at the ancient University of Oxford. He was fond of conversation and like a cultured Englishman he could talk on almost any subject—books, politics, people. How frequently had he heard English people say that he spoke like an Englishman?

Sir Mohan wondered if he would be travelling alone. It was a Cantonment Station and some English officers might be on the train. His heart warmed at the prospect of an impressive conversation. He never showed any sign of eagerness to talk to the white man as most Indians did. Nor was he loud, aggressive, and opinionated like them. He went about his business with an expressionless matter-of-factness. He would retire to his corner by the window and unfold a copy of the *London Times* and proceed to solve the crossword puzzle, so that the name of the paper was visible to the others. It always attracted attention. Someone would like to borrow it when he put it aside with a gesture signifying "I've finished with it." Or someone would recognize his Balliol tie which he always wore while travelling. That would open a vista leading to a fairyland of Oxford Colleges, masters, dons, tutors, boat-races, and rugger matches. If both the *Times* and tie failed, Sir Mohan would "Koi Hai" his bearer and get the Scotch out. Whiskey never failed with Englishmen. Then followed Sir Mohan's handsome gold cigarette case stuffed with English cigarettes. English cigarettes in India? How on earth did he get them? Sure, he didn't mind? And Sir Mohan's understanding smile, of course he didn't. But could he use the Englishman as a medium to commune with dear old England? Those five years of gray bags and gowns, of sport blazers and mixed doubles, of dinners at the Inns of Courts and nights in the West End night clubs. Five years of a crowded glorious life—worth far more than the forty-five in India with his dirty, vulgar countrymen, with sordid details of the road to success, of nocturnal visits to the upper storey with obese old Lachmi, smelling of sweat and raw onions.

Sir Mohan Lal's thoughts were disturbed by the bearer announcing the installation of Sahib's luggage in a first-class coupé next to the engine. Sir Mohan walked to his coupé with a studied gait. He was dismayed. The compartment was empty. With a sigh he sat down in a corner and opened the copy of the *Times* he had read several times before.

Sir Mohan looked out of the window down the crowded platform. His face lit up as he saw two English soldiers trudging along, peering in all the compartments for room. They had their haversacks slung behind their backs and walked unsteadily. Sir Mohan decided to welcome them even if they were entitled to travel only second class. He would speak to the guard.

One of the soldiers came up to the last compartment and stuck his face in the window. He surveyed the compartment and noticed the unoccupied berth.

"Ere, Bill," he shouted, "there's one 'ere."

His companion came up and also looked in and looked at Sir Mohan Lal.

"Let's get the nigger out."

They pushed the door open and faced a half-smiling, half-protesting Sir Mohan.

"Reserved!" yelled Bill.

"Janta?—Reserved. Army—Fauj," exclaimed Jim, holding out his khaki shirt.

"Ek dum jao—get out."

"I say, I say, surely," protested Sir Mohan in his Oxford accent.

The soldiers paused. It almost sounded like English. But they knew better than to trust their inebriated ears. The engine whistled and the guard waved his green flag.

"This is no time to argue."

"Oos arguing?"

They picked up Sir Mohan's suitcase and flung it on the platform. Then followed his thermos flask, attaché case, bedding and the *Times*. Sir Mohan stood up, livid with rage.

"Preposterous, preposterous," he shouted, hoarse with anger. "I'll have you arrested—guard! guard!"

Bill and Jim paused again. It did sound like English, but it was too kingly for them.

"Stop hollerin' and keep your ruddy mouth shut." Jim stuck his flat open palm in Sir Mohan's face. The engine gave another short whistle and the train began to move. The soldiers caught Sir Mohan by the arms and flung him out of the train. He reeled backwards, tripped on his bedding, and landed on his seat on his suitcase.

"Toodle-oo—we'll be seein' yer."

Sir Mohan's feet were glued to the earth and he lost his speech. He stared blankly at the lighted windows of the train going past him in quickening tempo. The tail-end of the train appeared with a red light and the guard standing in the open doorway with his flags in his hands.

In the inter-class *Zenana* compartment before him, was a fair, fat woman on whose nose a diamond glistened against the station lights. Her mouth was bloated with betel saliva which she had been storing up to spit as soon as the train had cleared the platform. As the train sped past the lighted part of the platform, Lady Mohan spat and sent a jet of red dribble flying across like a dart.

Film Review

Belle Pomer

► WITH SUMMER FILMS becoming less and less attractive, and with good musical comedy scarce at any time, *Annie Get Your Gun* is a welcome reminder that an hour or two of song and buffoonery can be highly diverting. In this case, the music needs little introduction: its vigorous numbers and romantic ballads have thumped and crooned from radio and wurlitzer from the time that the stage show opened on Broadway. Suffice it to say that the music is good, and that there is enough of it (two factors much overlooked these days by the makers of musical comedy). Consequently, the third evil of the average musical comedy—a wearisome, humdrum plot—is avoided. Here the conventional romance is dealt out in such diminutive doses, between such inter-taining numbers, that even the occasions which lack the ingredient of comedy, and they are few, are inoffensive.

Like the stage production, the movie version is built around Annie Oakley; and indeed, from the moment that the dynamic Miss Hutton appears on the screen, the studio might well have saved itself the expense of half the supporting cast, and used just a painted backdrop: every eye is centred on the leading lady. There are times, of course, when Miss Hutton's combination of coyness and hoydenish qualities becomes a little strained; here and there her *Dark Country* drawl falters; the reading lesson scene is artificial and only mildly funny; and when she sings "I've Got the Sun in the Morning," she lapses altogether from being Annie and becomes just Betty Hutton doing a number in her night-club manner. But her first twenty minutes on the screen, in which she sings two songs in a costume of sackcloth, black stockings, and battered felt hat, with her hair drawn back in tight pigtailed, her face brown and freckled, and without make-up, are simply delightful. And the remainder of her performance captivates and amuses. In the few scenes in which Miss Hutton is absent from the

screen, Keenan Wynn reminds us that he can be as funny as ever, and Howard Keel illustrates his ability to sing a song. Otherwise, they are just shapes and sounds floating around Miss Hutton.

It is not difficult to understand why many people find the film superior to the stage production. For one thing, it adds to the excitement of the story to be able to see Annie's skill with a gun, and for this, the technique of the camera is far more convincing than any stage arrangement could be. Secondly, the screen has room for larger backgrounds, and some infusion of horse spectacle, which in this case is used with admirable restraint in just enough quantity to round out the scene. And in addition, there are the close-ups of Miss Hutton's face in the comedy numbers, which would be missed on the stage.

One last word. *Annie Get Your Gun* is by no means a quiet film, as what movie dealing with a wild west circus, and starring Betty Hutton could be? But don't be frightened off by the deafening din of the trailer. These scenes are not nearly so noisy in their context.

After the first bewildering minutes of *The Courtneys* (for a brief instant here and there, we were certain that the film was a broad comedy of manners), we were compelled to face the fact that Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding were after all taking themselves quite seriously. To relate the plot in any detail would be tedious: the story opens late in the reign of Queen Victoria, and traces the lives of an upper-class English family through four generations to the Second World War. Presumably it intends to evoke the mood of each age through which it passes, but it fails in this as it fails in all else. The characterization is altogether superficial and lacking in conviction. Throughout the long tale, Michael Wilding's full range of expression comprises distended nostrils for moments of deep feeling, and a blank expression for all others. When he and his leading lady grow old through the make-up man, one has the feeling of watching an uninspired and amateurish high-school play. My choice for the scene in poorest taste is the one in which the son brings his bride-to-be to meet his parents—it leaves the audience squirming with embarrassment. What the picture does evoke, with its outworn characters, trite dialogue, crude shifts of scene, and poor acting, is the average movie of fifteen or twenty years ago.

Panic in the Streets is a suspense story in which the emphasis of the man-hunt is shifted in a new direction. A murderer is hunted down, not because of unflagging zeal in bringing every criminal to justice, but because of the dangerous disease he may be spreading. The film is honest enough to imply that if it were not for this, there would be no point in having the police waste their time with such a case: the task of finding the murderer of an unknown and illegal immigrant, who had been smuggled into the country not more than forty-eight hours previous, and on whose background there is not a single clue, is almost hopeless. Richard Widmark plays the part of the young doctor who diagnoses the murdered man's disease as a form of plague, which, fatal within forty-eight hours, can be spread from person to person by coughing, sneezing, and breathing, as easily as a cold. The city is faced with the very real possibility that the murderer, and all those with whom the dead man had come in contact, might now be spreading the disease throughout New Orleans wherever they went. The importance of secrecy is that the panic and flight from the city in which publication of such news would result, would, in turn, carry the plague across the whole country.

The lighting of the problem from many angles, and the realistic treatment of character and incident, result in a semi-documentary effect. Nevertheless, although the acting

is, on the whole, competent, some of the characters do not quite escape being types. And in spite of sustained interest, we never become deeply enough involved in the story to forget that we are watching a movie.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► I PLAYED OVER on a Victor 45 the recently released (i.e. in Canada) recording of Bach's great motet *Jesu, meine Freude* by Robert Shaw with the RCA Victor Choral and Orchestra, and found it the most satisfactory Shaw recording I have heard. Previous sets (the *B Minor Mass* and *Christ Lag in Todesbanden*), while very fine on the whole, have shown an occasional muddiness in the chorus, lack of balance between orchestra and chorus, mediocre soloists, and imperfect recording. But in the new set the transparency of the chorus is all that could be desired, the proper balance between chorus and orchestra is steadily maintained by keeping the orchestra on and over the verge of inaudibility (as is correct in a Bach motet), there are no soloists, and the recording is good (except for a few noises on side 7 of my set).

The recent Columbia recordings are a rather uninspiring lot. Richard Tucker (tenor) sings arias by Verdi, Mascagni, and Leoncavallo (mostly Verdi) on six well-recorded sets, accompanied by Fausto Cleva and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. Tucker has a rich well-controlled voice, on which he plays most of the tricks of the Italian operatic tenor with more discretion than is customary. One advantage of this set is that, in listening to it, one is aware of the immense superiority of Verdi over his immediate successors. Like Bach and Mozart, when Verdi is commonplace, it is generally because he is working within a particular melodic and harmonic convention, in relation to which his originality can have meaning. With Mascagni and Leoncavallo it is the originality which is commonplace. They are not aware what is convention and what invention. The weakening of melodic and harmonic conventions often results in the aggressively ordinary, as many composers of the last fifty years have proved. A new Columbia album of French songs, sung by Martial Singher with assorted accompanists, could (if less obviously) suggest similar conclusions. Gounod, with all his capabilities, was no Verdi, but he differs from his successors in much the same way. Conventional cadences and repetitions are weeded out, but the result is often an atmospheric banality, which keeps the sweetness of Gounod without his mastery of outline. Included with Gounod in the album are Massenet and Fauré, as well as a number of (to me) unknowns: Busser, Leveau, and Caplet. Martial Singher's voice is a little husky and ill-defined, but he uses it with taste and strength.

Columbia also offers another recording of *Les Sylphides*, this time by Efreim Kurtz and the New York Philharmonic. As ballet music this score has its points, no doubt; as an orchestral suite it has none. In listening to it my chief thought is how much better it would all sound on the piano. The recording is good, if not very brilliant, the performance adequate.

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(With apologies to Sandburg and the Chamber of Commerce)

City of contrasts, city of the cold shoulder,
Hog town, divisional point, and Hub of Empire,
They tell me you want to be loved, and I believe them;
Some of the nicest people live quietly there.
They tell me you are big, and I believe them
After journeys jammed in crowded cars and buses;
Unlike the amoeba, you grow without dividing.
Saturn-like, you devour the children you spawned.
They tell me you are wicked, and I believe them,
Though I walked down Jarvis Street and nothing happened;
But your sins of omission stink in the nostrils of God.
You seek to atone for indifference by giving monies
To the Fresh Air fund, by giving five loaves and two fishes
To the Scott Mission and the Salvation Army Hostels,
Expecting them to perform the miracle of Charity;
By Sunday Sports to please the malcontents.

O God! O Toronto! Too many skyscrapers,
Too few street-cleaners. While the morning-coated ushers
Reap the harvest at Timothy Eaton Memorial
The derelicts scavenge the curbs at Queen and Yonge.
The girls of Havergal and the York Knitting Mills,
The Beanery gang and Tron-o Varsity
Do not play in the same league nor ever meet in the play-
downs.

The eddying winds, trapped in the canyon maze
Of unfriendly grimy walls, swirl and scatter
The debris and litter that hurrying crowds grind
To a gritty dust. The open drain of the dirty Don
Is camouflaged by willows and one lone gull.

Fred Swayze.

Red Landscape

Beside the lake ancestral trees were leagued to dominate
The dwarfed volcanic rocks, that here and there
Emerg'd against the naked wind, a mesozoic face
That cringed beneath the stolid oak's ephemeral stare.

Last year the summer stayed a month too long, and
scarlet leaves
Like flimsy dinghys tacked before the breeze,
Marooned at dawn across the sandy beach, becalmed
at dusk
On misty archipelagoes like refugees.

The shambling bear was sleek with trout; the fawn
was shoulder high,
And venturing off alone on awkward feet;
The air was full of whistling sounds from flying birds;
And chipmunks rummaged softly through the forest
street.

The summer stayed a month too long, reluctant then
to go,
I watched it from the train and held my breath;
And not long after that, (said press reports) came
forest fire,
But I had found in other lands another death.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Postcard from the Yukon

Here is the landscape permanent in snow
(The way I knew it best).
I study the town's familiar geometry,
Trace the square of station and bank and barracks
Accurately diagrammed from the air.

This is the only returning I recommend,
This tour that leaves no footprint
That can approach changes selectively
And with no compulsion to be consistent,
No constraint of time
People each house with its appropriate friend.

Seeking yourself down the illusive streets
You may recognize the landmarks and verify
Familiar names on the signs.
But statistics of birth and burial do not cover
Changes of heart; the stranger on every corner
Stares at the stranger waiting behind your eyes.

Floris Clark McLaren.

Concerning Cracksmen

Burglars like houses set far back on lawns,
And shuttered windows hung with heavy drapes,
Stone lions asleep on pedestals, and paths
Fit for slow entrances and swift escapes.

Clothes lines are their bane, and shepherd dogs
With trigger tempers most unsocially inclined.
Burglars like soft furs and silverware,
Or diamond bracelets with a rope of pearls entwined.

And being sentimentalists, one and all,
They linger sometimes in scented gardens cool
Recalling dreams and visions that they've lost,
Remembering the days they went to school.

Burglars like old locks and quiet doors,
They favor rubber soles, a black felt hat;
They go to parks on Sundays with their wives,
And drink in speeches by the proletariat.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Crope Myrtle

This is the myrtle of the South,
Creped and colored like the watermelon's inner flesh.
It burns the oil of branches, and, in the dry wind-thresh,
Ignites the air of August, month of wasting summer
and of drouth.

The sweating florid faces look ready to explode;
They, too, from the same earth. They, too, from the
same earth.

Across the blazing prism of afternoon, death and birth
Converge but never fuse with the eternity of the road.

The myrtle and hot fates in the brazen air,
By suction from the green, from the wax-melting flesh,
with love or lust,
Surge, bloom, and throb what will not be the dust
Until the white and phantom road is not and never will
be there.

Charles Edward Eaton.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► AS ONE REVIEWER has said, Paul Blanchard has written the best review of his book* in his personal prologue. It is absolutely necessary, in order to appreciate the full value, power, and sincerity of this work, to understand the point of view of the author:

"Unfortunately, the Catholic people of the United States are not citizens but subjects in their own religious commonwealth. The secular as well as the religious policies of their Church are made in Rome by an organization that is alien in spirit and control. The American Catholic people themselves have no representatives of their own choosing either in their own local hierarchy or in the Roman high command; and they are compelled by the very nature of their Church's authoritarian structure to accept non-religious as well as religious policies that have been imposed upon them from abroad. It is for this reason that I am addressing Catholics fully as much as non-Catholics in this book. American freedom is their freedom, and any curtailment of that freedom by clerical power is an even more serious matter for them than it is for non-Catholics. I know that many Catholics are as deeply disturbed as I am about the social policies of their Church's rulers; and they are finding it increasingly difficult to reconcile their convictions as American democrats with the philosophy of their priests, their hierarchy and their Pope.

"It is scarcely necessary to say that no man has a right to discuss the Catholic issue if he is incapable of appreciating the mighty achievements of the Church in the past. No fair-minded man can fail to render homage to the Church's lofty moral purpose and to the heroic sacrifices of its devoted servants in all ages. I do not question the sincerity of that purpose or belittle the devotion it has inspired in the hearts of men. I only hope that some day the institution that has inspired such supreme devotion will be divorced from an antidemocratic and an alien system of control. Some readers who accept every fact that I have recorded in these pages may still question the wisdom of discussing these matters in public at the present time, because of the critical international situation which finds the Western democracies pitted against a Russian communist aggressor. These critics would keep silent about the antidemocratic program of the Vatican until the present crisis is resolved, because they regard the Catholic Church, with all its faults, as a necessary bulwark against militant communism. I respect the sincerity of this view, and I share with most Americans the conviction that Russian aggression must be met with determined resistance. But I do not believe that fear of one authoritarian power justifies compromise with another, especially when the compromise may be used to strengthen clerical fascism in many countries."

Unorthodox, as it may be to list the chapter headings of a book in a review, I do so, as briefly and concisely they indicate the scope of this work, better than I can in five thousand words: 1. Personal Prologue: The Duty to Speak. 2. How the Hierarchy Works. 3. Church, State and Democracy. 4. Education and the Catholic Mind. 5. Public Schools and Public Money. 6. The Church and Medicine. 7. Sex, Birth Control and Eugenics. 8. Marriage, Divorce and Annulment. 9. Censorship and Boycott. 10. Science, Scholarship and Superstition. 11. Fascism, Communism and Labor. 12. The Catholic Plan for America. 13. Tolerance, Appeasement and Freedom. Bibliography; Notes; Index.

* AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER: Paul Blanchard, Saunders (Beacon Press), pp. 350, \$4.75.

If each and every chapter were not so fascinating it could be described as a model for any text book. Of special interest to Canadians are the few—too few—pages on the Province of Quebec in the chapter entitled, "The Catholic Plan for America." I quote: "In the light of subsequent events, it now seems clear that Britain made a gigantic political blunder in failing to ordain the separation of State and Church when it wrested Quebec from the French. Today the Canadian people are still paying a heavy price for that blunder, and the policy which has brought them to their present predicament was not of their own choosing. England had failed to separate church from state in the home country before the British conquest, and its policy of public support for religious schools, a policy still in force, became a part of the basic constitution of Canada."

Great difficulty was encountered in writing this review as so much of *American Freedom and Catholic Power* cries for quotation. Finally, as a check, this book was opened at random in twenty different places, and without exception, there was a quotation which one wanted to make and discuss. Space only permits a general discussion of this book which is one of the most significant and fascinating that has been published in many a long year.

The naked face of power is always ugly. It is no less ugly if it is the Catholic Church, or the machinations of John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers, but it would seem more important to expose the evil influence of fundamentally good institutions than the activities of any group which is obviously evil. At what point in history does a high moral purpose become a bureaucratic evil? Has the moral purpose of the Christian ethic—the basis of our Western civilization—been lost for good in the political policies of the Catholic Church? I conducted a simple experiment with this book. I gave it to a good practising Catholic, it was not read but returned quickly to me, hardly without comment. I am perfectly certain that after this Catholic had read the first few pages the experience proved to be too disturbing. The book was hastily put aside—rather like the instinct of a husband when confronted with proof that his wife has committed adultery.

It is heartening that this book has already had such a tremendous sale despite all the pressure of censorship exercised by the Catholic Church. This book is required reading for every man and woman who wishes to play any part in the political life of our country. Paul Blanchard is deeply concerned, and rightly so, over the evil political influence of the Catholic Church on American institutions. This influence is obviously far greater in Canada than in the United States. One only has to look at the percentage of Catholics of the total population of Canada to realize this. Recently, an article appeared in *Maclean's Magazine* by Blair Fraser, "Fight over Father Levesque." This was, I believe, a significant milestone in responsible Canadian publishing. It was the first time that some of the inner workings of the Catholic Church has been brought into the open by a popular publication with a large national circulation. It is thought that but for Paul Blanchard's book this article would never have appeared. As an example of the very great censorship (so ably described by Paul Blanchard in his book) that the Catholic Church is able to exercise, Jos. Gannon, head of the advertising acceptability department of the *N.Y. Times*, told the Spring Meeting of the National Editorial Association that the *N.Y. Times* reviewed the work unfavorably as a matter of news, but it couldn't get into the advertising columns because of its questionable content.

It is important to point out that, by and large, the practices and teachings described by Paul Blanshard are ignored, in one respect or another, by the vast majority of Catholics; but it is equally important to know and realize what is the overall effect of the policy of the Catholic Church. This policy has been exposed and fairly exposed by Paul Blanshard.

How many ex-Communists and ex-fellow travellers of the Communist party now wish that they had heeded the first warnings of their conscience or their friends, in the early thirties? How many statesmen and voters now wish that they had had clearer insight into the basic policies of Moscow? While I believe that it is an exaggeration to classify Moscow and Rome as birds of a feather, the similarity must not be overlooked. Paul Blanshard's book documents this similarity with scholarly conviction. As a friend of mine often remarks facetiously, when the atom bombs have come and gone, and there are only two people left alive in the world, they will meet face to face, the pontiff of Moscow and the dictator of Rome. It will be as if they are looking into a mirror.

CHARLES MEADOWS.



STUDIES IN REVOLUTION: E. H. Carr; Macmillan; pp. vii, \$2.00.

FROM NAPOLEON TO STALIN: A. J. P. Taylor; British Book Service; pp. 224; \$3.00.

Professor Carr's essays in this closely packed little volume appeared first in the *Times Literary Supplement*. And in the same journal on July 7 last there is a long front-page review of Mr. Taylor's book, a review which, though unsigned, is undoubtedly by Professor Carr, and which is full of the penetrating observations on politics that we have come to expect from him. He says that Mr. Taylor's book is an obituary of liberalism. I should doubt myself whether liberalism in western Europe is quite dead yet and whether Mr. Taylor thinks that it is. But both authors here are dealing with aspects of what is fundamentally the same theme, the reaction beginning in the revolutions of 1848 against bourgeois democratic liberalism, and culminating in the dire events of our own generation. Professor Carr's articles seem strangely out of place in the present-day *Lit. Supp.* until one realizes that all those editorials and reviews in that journal calling for a return to religion share with his studies of communism a common rejection of the liberalism of the nineteenth century.

Professor Carr's essays are a by-product, he tells us, of the study into the ideological origins of the Russian Revolution upon which he has been engaged. The first volume of his magnum opus, *The Bolshevik Revolution 1917-1923*, is announced as being in the press. Here he gives us essays on Saint Simon, Marx, Proudhon, Herzen, Lassalle, Plekhanov, Sorel, Lenin, and Stalin. They are all brilliant bits of analysis. The main theme is the difficulty which Marx and his successors had in fitting the theory of the Communist Manifesto, which was based on the experience of France and England, to the very different conditions of Europe east of the Rhine and in particular of Russia. He brings out clearly what are now familiar themes—how revolutionary international socialism from 1848 to 1948 acquired a strong nationalist coloring wherever it took root, and how the peasant proved everywhere to be a stumbling block to proletarian theorists. He is especially good in showing how

Lenin, adapting Marxism to the Russian environment in order to bring about a successful revolution, by that very act made it impossible for the successful revolution to bring about anything like what western Europeans had understood by socialism.

Mr. Taylor is the *enfant terrible* among contemporary English historians. He has written brilliantly on Habsburg history and on Germany; and Canadians who are readers of the *New Statesman* will be familiar with his slashing reviews in that journal. This volume reprints some of them. Since his speciality is modern European history, his *New Statesman* writing is likely to be comparatively free from the anti-American mania which makes Mr. Kingsley Martin and his friends rather tiresome these days. But Mr. Taylor is as anti-American as all the other bright young people of Oxford and Bloomsbury: "We do not care for 'the law of the market' now that it has become 'the American way of life' " (p. 114); "The best thing for us and for the world in general is that we should be America's Tito." (p. 217). Happily most of the book is not along these lines. It is about the century of European revolution which was ushered in by the events of 1848, and it has some very illuminating things to say about the significance of 1848 as we can see it now. The book is not a systematic treatise on this theme but only a collection of Mr. Taylor's recent essays and reviews, so that what one remembers from it is apt to consist mainly of typical Taylorian remarks. For example: "Hitler was Napoleon's Caliban." "The history of modern Europe can be written in terms of three Titans—Napoleon, Bismarck, Lenin. Bismarck probably did the least harm." "The age which began in 1848 was the age of the masses, of mass production, mass emigration, mass war. In the pursuit of universal happiness everything became universal—universal suffrage, universal education, universal military service, and finally universal destruction." But Mr. Taylor is not so despondent about the world as these quotations would indicate. Nobody who enjoys writing as much as he does can be really a pessimist.

Frank H. Underhill.

HOSTAGES OF CIVILIZATION: Eva G. Reichmann; Longmans, Green; pp. 281; \$4.25.

The sub-title indicates more plainly the nature of the book: *The Social Sources of National Socialist Anti-Semitism*. Dr. Reichmann states in her preface that what she set out to do was to determine "whether a particular Jewish community was expelled and destroyed because the Gentiles amongst whom it lived decided for any serious reasons that life with the Jews had become unbearable for them."

To arrive at an answer, Dr. Reichmann has made a rather thorough-going analysis of modern German society. She has examined the mainsprings of German history, studied the development of the various classes which comprised Germany and, of course, the place of the Jewish community in that milieu. She finds that a series of factors contributed to the breakdown of the German moral fibre, resulting finally in the Nazi seizure of power and the extermination of the Jews. Among these were the long-delayed national unity, unity through Prussian aggression, the breakdown of capitalism and its inability to provide security, the military, absolutist tradition fostered by Prussia, the economic and social bankruptcy of the middle classes following the First World War, the defeat in that war and the coincidence of the attainment of political democracy with the national humiliation and dislocations of the period following the First World War.

What resulted was a mass reversion to primitive, aggressive instincts ordinarily repressed in civilized society. This

psychological impact is, in fact, Dr. Reichmann's major preoccupation. It is the theme of her whole book. The Jews were merely a convenient scapegoat to whom it was possible easily to transfer all the resentments and frustrations of an unstable life. She restates what has become a well recognized rule, that "the strength of anti-Semitism in any given period may serve as a reliable indication of the extent of social disintegration in the society affected—especially in one where the objective tensions caused originally by the Jewish group have almost entirely disappeared, so that the remaining antagonism reflects almost entirely subjective frustrations."

The Nazis' gigantic propaganda campaign against the Jews was a process known in psychology as displacement. Irritation over legitimate grievances was not permitted to work itself out against the true causes. Instead it was directed against a substitute. "... Nazi anti-Semitism testifies far less to the existence of a Jewish problem in Germany than to a multitude of other German problems which urgently needed a solution and for which a large number of people could be persuaded to hold the Jews responsible." It is good to know that Dr. Reichmann credits the social-democratic workers with being the only large group to remain consistently unaffected by this anti-Semitic propaganda.

Two other of her conclusions need to be mentioned. One is that the destruction of the Jewish community was not the result of intrinsic deficiencies, as had been asserted in some circles. The other is that only in a state where people have been rooted in and educated by democracy will they be able to resist "the seductive influence of slogans and symbols."

A. Andras.

I CHOSE JUSTICE: Victor Kravchenko; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 458; \$5.00.

I Chose Justice is a substantial contribution to the ever-growing pile of literary evidence exposing the Red Terror in the Soviet Union. Written by the author of *I Chose Freedom*, it is the story of the Paris Trial in which the author successfully sued for libel the Communist paper *Les Lettres Françaises* for alleging that what he wrote in *I Chose Freedom* was fraudulent and untrue.

The greater part of the volume is taken up with the oral or written depositions of the witnesses on both sides, Kravchenko's witnesses being mainly Russians who, by some miracle, had gone through the N.K.V.D. secret police camps and survived—the defence witnesses being mainly apologists for the Soviet system from Russia and abroad.

The book is definitely anti-Soviet propaganda, but it is written with such force and sincerity that its message cannot be ignored. In the words used by a French daily to describe one of the trial's witnesses, it might be said of the author, "He is too genuine to falsify anything."

At times the book seems a little disjointed in the manner in which Kravchenko jumps from recitals of evidence to his personal observations, so that you sometimes have to pause to ascertain if the witness is speaking or Kravchenko. The witnesses' stories are in some instances so similar that the book appears to become repetitious until you suddenly realize that it is not a fiction story but a recital of tortures actually suffered by real people.

The best and most interesting parts of the book are when Kravchenko writes of his own experiences or emotions. An interesting sidelight is the description of the mechanics of the trial which reveals a judicial system much different from the Canadian type and at times reminds one of the Hollywood version of a United States trial court.

In the light of the present Korean situation, the last chapter could have been written yesterday instead of some

weeks ago. It is a masterly analysis of the weaknesses in the United States foreign policy in dealing with Communism, and offers a friendly warning to the author's adopted country to reform its policy before it is too late.

Percy Eassey.

THE WINNIPEG GENERAL STRIKE: D. C. Masters; University of Toronto Press-Saunders; pp. 159; \$3.50.

This job very much needed doing, and Dr. Masters has done it in a scholarly and judicial yet forthright manner. The hysteria engendered by the Winnipeg general strike of 1919, heightened by the singularly unenlightened form which government intervention took, continues to trail clouds of distortion and bitterness. By careful analysis of facts, circumstances, and the personalities of the strike leaders, Dr. Masters has cleared away the haze and given us a historical record of the utmost value.

The main question at issue was, of course, whether or not the strike was a move to foment revolution and seize political power. After careful probing of the evidence, Dr. Masters agrees with the Manitoba royal commissioner, H. A. Robson, K.C., that it was not. His words are: "It is therefore the opinion of the author that there was no seditious conspiracy and that the strike was what it purported to be, an effort to secure the principle of collective bargaining." The royal commissioner's words were: "It is too much for me to say that the vast number of intelligent residents who went on strike were seditious or that they were either dull enough or weak enough to be led by seditionaries. The men referred to may have dangerously influenced certain minds, but the cause of the strike and of the exercise of mass action was the specific grievance above referred to [the refusal of collective bargaining] and the dissatisfied and unsettled condition of Labor at and long before the beginning of the strike." This aim was given point by the wretched economic plight of the workers in contrast to the "ostentatious display of wealth" they saw about them in Winnipeg.

Dr. Masters shows that there was, in fact, little political agreement among the leaders, and that their radicalism was in most cases identical with that of British labor. "Surely," says the author, "if the country was to be taken over after the peaceful organization of the O.B.U., it was the wildest folly to jeopardize the whole scheme by a premature strike . . . The record belies the idea that the strike was a premeditated attempt to overthrow the government . . . They [the strike leaders] were compelled to assume some functions of government simply to keep the wheels of life moving in Winnipeg . . . The entirely peaceful policy of the strike committee and the absence of any attempt at force indicate that no effort was made to direct the strike into revolutionary channels after it had begun."

The mass police action to break up the returned soldiers' parade and its inevitable sequel was the beginning and end of violence. As to the wisdom of the government's action, the author is perhaps overly cautious. He remarks: "There is room for disagreement over the expediency of certain specific actions by the government, yet it was almost inevitable that there should have been government intervention in Winnipeg . . . The strike committee reluctantly assumed a few functions of government, i.e., in regard to food deliveries; but, with society apparently on the verge of collapse in Winnipeg, they made no further effort at the assumption of political control. Faced with this crisis the authorities, local and federal, were compelled by the logic of events to intervene."

No doubt. But one is left wondering whether a real attempt to determine the causes of the strike and deal impartially with them at the start, instead of invoking force

to quell a pre-judged "seditious conspiracy," might not have led to a peaceful settlement and avoided both bloodshed and bitterness.

The most important result of the strike was to strengthen the conviction of many labor leaders, notably J. S. Woodsworth, that labor would get nowhere in Canada until it organized for political action. Woodsworth arrived late at the strike scene, and played a comparatively minor part in it, but he did not miss its moral. The eventual issue of the strike was neither political revolutionary action, nor labor syndicalism on the O.B.U. model, but the democratic socialist movement of the CCF in the tradition of fabianism and the British Labor Party. Less fortunate was its tendency to estrange farmers from city workers. It is too bad that the more gradual collapse of the farmers' Progressive Movement failed to lead the more individualistic section of Canada's working force to a similarly strong conviction about the need for political action and a consciousness of the quarter where their natural allies were to be found.

Fergus Glenn.

THE CAPTAIN'S DEATH BED AND OTHER ESSAYS:
Virginia Woolf; Clarke; Irwin; pp. 223; \$2.50.

"Four volumes of Virginia Woolf's collected essays have already been published. . . . This fifth volume will probably be the last." So writes Leonard Woolf in an editorial note to this book, and we begin to read it with a mixture of delight and regret: delight that there is still one more book by Virginia Woolf to read, regret that it is the last. Having read it, we can say with conviction that here indeed is an author "good to the last drop," whose delicate and yet piquant flavor will long linger in the mouth.

For these essays are not odds and ends left over from other books; they are Virginia Woolf at her best. They have her characteristic bird-like quickness and grace. They begin briskly, dramatically: "The Captain lay dying on a mattress stretched on the floor of the boudoir room; a room whose ceiling had been painted to imitate the sky, and whose walls were painted with trellis work covered with roses upon which birds were perching." They are witty, at times even broadly humorous, as in this passage: "It is idle to pretend that he was a zealous priest. God in Heaven was much the same to him as King George upon the throne—a kindly monarch, that is to say, whose festivals one kept by preaching a sermon on Sunday much as one kept the royal birthday by firing a blunderbuss and drinking a toast at dinner." They are lit up frequently by brilliant images, images which reveal the essence of a writer or book or place. Nostalgia is "the desire to cast the skin of a century"; when we read Ruskin it is "as if all the fountains of the English language had been set playing in the sunlight for our pleasure"; Thomas Hardy "sprang up effortlessly, unconsciously, like a heather root under a stone"; some extreme modernist experiments with language remind her of "a boy staying with an aunt for the weekend [who] rolls in the geranium bed out of sheer desperation as the solemnities of the sabbath wear on"; to read Thomas Browne nowadays is "like mounting only a solemn and obstinate donkey instead of going up to town by an electric train."

The essays are of great variety. Those on books and writing illustrate the catholicity of her interests: she is as eager to examine the obscure writer as the world master, as rewarding on Gilbert White as on Turgenev or Conrad. Tucked away in a long essay called simply "Reading" is one of the best appraisals of Thomas Browne I have read. There is an acid sketch of Professor Walter Raleigh which should be read at least once each quarter by all professors

of English as a purgative for their souls. In other essays she has wise things to say about book-reviewing, the cinema, the paintings of Sickert, and the Wembley Exhibition. There is even an essay, entitled "Memories of a Working Women's Guild," in which she makes one of her infrequent excursions into the realm of politics.

Finally, there is an essay on modern letter-writing which makes us hope that we have not, after all, read the last book by Virginia Woolf. Surely, one of these days, we may look forward to reading her letters? I venture the rash prediction that it will become a classic, and will rival the best of her novels in enduring interest—even though, as she warns us, "the best letters of our time are precisely those that can never be read."

Desmond Pacey.

NINETEENTH CENTURY STUDIES: Basil Willey; Clarke, Irwin; pp. v, 288; \$3.50.

It is impossible to read *Nineteenth Century Studies* without recalling its forerunners, the *Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century "Backgrounds."* It is noticeable that the present volume (the first of two on the same theme) does not achieve the ironical detachment of its predecessors—perhaps one should say apparent detachment, since it is obvious that here it is not achieved because not attempted. It is, of course, easier to be non-partisan about the eighteenth and even the seventeenth centuries than about the nineteenth—the former are separated from us, they are on the far side of the intellectual and emotional watershed of the Romantic change of heart, while, as we are by now tired of hearing, the problems of the nineteenth century are still, considerably modified, our own, and our modes of thinking we owe more than is altogether agreeable to think to the Victorians. But it is not merely this—Professor Willey no longer wishes to appear detached; he is now obviously committed to a point of view, that of Christianity.

The theme of the book is the search for faith. The form is that of a series of studies, beginning with the "seminal mind" of the nineteenth century, Coleridge, and his revolt from the sterilities and complacencies of rationalism, and ending with an excellent essay on Matthew Arnold's non-critical prose writings. The connecting link between these essays is the conviction of the subjects of most of them that reason is too weak and brittle to be the guide to life, and that faith is indispensable and to be achieved at whatever effort of will. Not necessarily, though preferably, Christian faith. Comte and Carlyle are discussed as well as Newman and Thomas Arnold. Indeed, Comte's religion of humanity is handled with a most engaging charity, and the same humane treatment is meted out to Carlyle, largely by considering him in his aspect of sturdy Puritan. It must be said that the treatment of Mill is not very happy. He is seen, rightly, as representing an extension into the nineteenth century of eighteenth century rationalism. However obvious it may be that Mill's upbringing was psychologically crippling, this should not be allowed to discount the validity of his intelligence. Admittedly there were things he could not and perhaps did not want to sympathize with. Insofar as this separated him from the often morbid (and usually thwarted) Victorian search for dogmatic security, it makes him the more valuable as a contrast to it. It is unfortunate that Mill is almost wholly absent to Mr. Willey, and Carlyle largely excusable.

The book is written in a calm, economical, placid style, lucid in exposition and self-effacing in manner. As no critic has failed to point out, it will justly enhance a justly high reputation.

S.V.

TESS IN THE THEATRE: Marguerite Roberts; The University of Toronto Press-Saunders; pp. 333; \$4.00.

The subtitle of *Tess in the Theatre* gives enough description to explain the scope of the work: "Two Dramatizations of Tess of the D'Urbervilles by Thomas Hardy, One by Lorimer Stoddard, Edited, with an Introduction." Students of Hardy are now able to find in a single volume all the relevant facts about the dramatization of Hardy's great novel. In addition they will find a list of "Plays given by Hardy Players" with some descriptions of both the plays and the actors. There is also an account of dramatized versions of *Tess* by H. A. Kennedy and Ronald Gow and of Luigi Illica's opera with music by Frederic d'Erlanger. There are full casts of the performers in the various dramatizations played in both England and America. In short this is a book of facts. There is even an account of Piracies and Farces of *Tess* and a denunciation of the screen version made by the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation in 1924.

It is a convenience to find in a single volume all the information about Hardy's relations with the stage that Miss Roberts has compiled after long and laborious research. It is a convenience, but not much more. The introduction does not convince me that Hardy could have been a successful dramatist, as Miss Roberts seems to think. Moreover her writing comes perilously close to being dull, and is often clumsy. There are too many sentences resembling this one from the Preface: "Gathering material for this volume has led me into some fascinating corners and archives which it is a pleasure to remember, but which purpose and space keep these pages from reflecting."

Tess in the Theatre suffers by comparison with the two important books advertised on the jacket, *Keats: A Bibliography and Reference Guide* by J. R. MacGillivray and *Godwin's Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, edited by F. E. L. Priestly. It is books like these one hopes and expects to find in a series of Studies and Texts sponsored by the University of Toronto. In spite of its learned apparatus, *Tess in the Theatre* is essentially a slight and unimportant book.

J. F. Macdonald.

THE THOMAS MANN READER: Joseph Warner Angell; (trans. by H. T. Lowe-Porter) McClelland and Stewart; pp. xx, 754; \$5.00.

Mr. Angell's *Reader* contains short stories, two short novels (*Tomio Kröger* and *Death in Venice*, good choices, both), excerpts from the major novels from *Buddenbrooks* to *Dr. Faustus*, and a group of essays on politics and on men who have played important roles in Thomas Mann's thinking—Wagner, Freud, Goethe, and Dostoyevsky.

To me, in spite of the essays and of the inclusion of philosophical chapters from the novels, the collection over-stresses somewhat the purely aesthetic aspects of Mann's work. I would gladly sacrifice the rather slight short stories, for example, in order to have essays such as "Of the German Republic" or "Culture and Socialism" or the pages of brilliant and impassioned discussion of the proper use of the findings of psychological research which have been cut from the Freud essay.

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This, however, is a minor issue. The point is not so much what Mr. Angell has chosen as the fact that he has chosen at all, since, Thomas Mann being primarily a novelist, the greater part of the anthology which calls itself "representative," is perforce made up of excerpts from the novels. Mann himself once wrote that *Buddenbrooks* grew, that it is an organism. You cannot "represent" such a whole by parts. You cannot understand the use of time—of time as experience, as change and development—which is the basic element of *The Magic Mountain*—without reading it page by page, chapter by chapter, book by book. To attempt to give an idea of the novel in ten or twenty page sections is at best the lost labor of a love which would be well advised to seek expression in other ways.

And, after all, Mann's novels deal with themes which we say are important to us: with the conflict of East-West ideals, or the re-integration of the individual into the collective, which latter he calls the problem of *our time* (his italics), and the way which democratic men must go. We in America are among the first to proclaim his importance. It does not speak well for our intellectual honesty or independence to accept, at second hand, fragments of the work of a man whom we hail as one of the great of our own day.

Margaret Sinden.

MICHAEL ERNEST SADLER: A Memoir by his Son, Michael Sadleir; Longmans, Green; pp. 424; \$4.50.

One of the best things about this book is its lack of pretension. "This is not," says the author in his foreword, "in the accepted sense, a biography of my father. Even as a portrait it is only partial. There were immense tracts of his experience—intellectual and spiritual—which were either unknown to me or beyond my comprehension. Realizing this, I have not attempted what I am incompetent to perform." Charming and unusual, yet humility and self-knowledge are not necessarily sufficient for good authorship. The book has quietness and dignity. It will do no harm, and when one has said that, one wishes it to be a compliment. Subtleties and "revelations" do not confuse; they are never attempted.

Sir Michael Sadler was quite clearly salt of the earth. He led a rich and useful life, never spectacular enough for him to become, so to speak, a star. He was, if you like, too good or too normal for biography. Such a man should write his own life. He had—if one judges from the numerous quotations in this book—the literary talent for it, more even than his son, who writes smoothly and neatly enough. Another difficulty was Sadler's vocation. Teacher, administrator, university president, lecturer, member of committees, he presented to the world that curious, busy, interesting competence which is so hard to pierce. Where is he when words fail him? Not in view.

It was a life long enough (eighty-two years) to pass through several worlds, but perhaps the most interesting one, for the modern reader, is the late nineteenth century. Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Lewis Carroll make brief but striking appearances. But no matter what the period, Sadler constantly makes the unusual, penetrating remark about those whom he meets. He was always detached and fresh. He had an enthusiasm for art and he was quite delightfully clean in his understanding and support of the moderns. This artistic intelligence was typical of the wisdom and innocence of his general perception.

Now we are promised another book, by Lynda Grier, on his educational theories and achievements. Let us hope there that the writer will not have too much respect. Anyway, it is not, to her, a father about whom one can write dully or interestingly, but seldom truly. Chester Duncan.

DISAGREEMENTS: R. C. Churchill; Reginald Saunders; pp. 276; \$3.25.

This is a most stimulating and heartening book. The people with whom Mr. Churchill disagrees are the Marxians among the English intellectuals, the romantic Tories who look back nostalgically to the country house and the landed aristocracy, and the religious prophets who declare that secular liberalism is now bankrupt because it has exhausted the spiritual and moral capital that it inherited from Christianity. His subtitle explains what he is driving at, "A Polemic on Culture in the English Democracy." He is concerned to prove that the common people of his country have always shared in its national culture; that in modern times, as distinct from the public-school and varsity set, they have never been attracted by Marxism; and that the religious counter-revolutionaries are equally out of touch with them, since for the ordinary Englishman secularization has only been the last natural evolutionary step in "the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion" which began with the Independents and Non-Conformists of the seventeenth century. Some of the people whom Mr. Churchill takes for a ride in this volume may not be very well known in Canada. But it is refreshing in these days to come across an English intellectual of the younger generation who is neither a Marxian, an ex-Marxian, nor a religious mystic, but who is having recourse to the pragmatic common sense which has always marked English thought at its best. *F.H.U.*

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN WORLD POLITICS: Walter Theimer; Clarke Irwin; pp. 196; \$6.00.

This should be a very useful book for the inquisitive layman who seeks enlightenment about the modern world. It is in the form of an encyclopedia, with articles arranged alphabetically. It presents information about the countries of the world, their recent history and their form of government, about all the men whose names are of some importance in contemporary politics and in the history of politics for the last few centuries, about political and economic organizations of all kinds (especially political parties), and about all the isms of which our world is so full. The information, so far as I have checked it, appears to be reliable and well presented. But in accordance with the malign fate which seems to afflict books published in Britain or the United States, when it comes to deal with Canada it has far too many statements that are either out of date or just simply untrue, such as that the CCF on the outbreak of World War II advocated neutrality. The late Mr. Aberhart of Calgary gets more space than the late Mr. King of Ottawa. Still the book is generally of high quality. I hope the publishers are right in believing that there is a public in North America who are intelligently enough interested in the world they live in to want to make use of the wide range of information that a book like this offers them. *F.H.U.*

SECRET VALLEYS: John Cousins; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 256; \$2.00.

A word should be said for the postwar English novelists, whose slim volumes and slimmer publicity may cause them to be ignored among the tremendous American compendia supplied fresh daily to the book-marts. Eschewing the aggressive inclusiveness of the latter, the English have produced a number of novels worthy of note for a discerning selection of material, and for the strength and beauty resulting from a firm yet sensitive handling of that material.

John Cousins has written a novel of this sort. Few characters and a simple plot dramatize the theme, leaving one with the impression, rare these days, of a just and adequate whole. Three desert airmen, who had dropped supplies to

a Cretan resistance leader during the war, visit Crete some years later to search for the character who had stimulated their imaginations. They discover that their hero is now resisting the organized government, in the eternal struggle of the outraged peasant against a distant and apathetic bureaucracy. In the same area where once he bedevilled the Nazis, the lonely old brigand is now embattled against the Cretan police. His personal rebellion, the shadow of a Communist coup, and the relentless siege by a government indifferent to the proposition that various causes may produce the same apparent effect of armed resistance, create a triangle in which the solitary peasant is gradually forced into a hopeless position.

The mention of ancient Greek literature from time to time suggests that the author is not unaware of the possible comparison between the classical drama and his own provocative tragedy of beleaguered ideals, set on the stark slope of a Cretan mountain, and enacted with simplicity and a dignified restraint. *G. J. Wood.*

THE WHITE WITNESSES: Helen Spalding; British Book Service (Methuen); pp. 290; \$3.00.

THE EYE OF THE NIGHT: Christopher Dilke; BBS (Hamish Hamilton); pp. 197; \$2.00.

EYE WITNESS: George Harmon Cox; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 243; \$3.00.

THIS IS IT, MICHAEL SHAYNE: Brett Halliday; Dodd, Mead; pp. 215; \$3.00.

Here is a mixed bag of books in the mystery-suspense tradition. The best, and the one which should have the widest appeal, is *The White Witnesses*. It is more a psychological novel than a mystery, although it has elements of both mystery and suspense. The leading character is

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Lewis Quinton, a sculptor, and the plot centers around his relations with his daughter Veronica, his sister Elaine, his protegee, John Scott, and his sinner, Sir Edmund Glover. The characters are well drawn and the denouement is effective.

The Eye of the Night is the story of a single night in the life of Stephen Carroll. He gets involved with some very queer characters, and has various bizarre adventures. The sketches of some of the people involved are interesting and the suspense is fairly well sustained, but whatever the author was attempting doesn't quite come off.

Eye Witness is a typical example of one type of mystery story: the kind that specializes in beautiful dames, tough gangsters, and lots of complications. Cote has written many stories about Kent Murdock, a Boston news-photographer who is always getting involved in murders. The plot of this one is fair.

This Is It, Michael Shayne is about the twentieth in the long series of Michael Shayne stories. It is probably slightly better than the average, and is worth reading if you like Brett Halliday.

E. Fowke.

THE COMMON ASPHODEL: Robert Graves; British Book Service (Canada); pp. 335; \$3.25.

Robert Graves has the distinction of being not only one of the dozen best living British poets, but an historical novelist, a biographer, an autobiographer, a comparative mythologist, and a critic of poetry. *The Common Asphodel* includes selections of his criticism from the last three decades, a heterogeneous mass of comment ranging from the silly and pretentious (often both at once) to the exciting and impressive. Least satisfactory are the psychological or biographical discussions which contain most of the silliness and inaccuracy. The interpretation of *The Tempest* in terms of Graves' interpretation of the *Sonnets*, with Sycorax as the Dark Lady and Caliban as W. H. is somewhat hard to take, and his remark on the Wordsworth-Coleridge quarrel ("A few years after the publication of *The Prelude* came the breach") dates that publication about forty-five years too soon. Better than the biographical are the historical discussions on Anthologies or Official and Unofficial Literature. But neither of these categories would give Graves any special value as a critic other than readability. It is as a technical critic of verse-making that he stands above his contemporaries. A few of the short sections called *Observations on Poetry*, such as *Rhyme* and *Secondary Elaboration*, the little essay *The Future of Poetry*, the superbly destructive *Perfect Modern Lyric*, and the extracts from *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (written with Laura Riding) are the meat of the volume for which one is willing to forget any amount of silliness elsewhere.

M.W.

INTRODUCTION TO BERDYAEV: O. Fielding Clarke; S. J. Saunders; pp. 192; \$3.75.

It is no hyperbole to say that all men of thought and action in the Western world have need to know the writings of Nicolas Berdyaev. There is no one in the modern era who can represent to us more profoundly and favorably the soul of the Russian people. Uprooted from the country and people which he loved, and exiled in France, he learned of Western culture at first hand. With penetrating insight he analyzed the bourgeois, capitalist culture of the West and the Communist "culture" of the East. Both to East and West he sought to speak the truth in love concerning their destructive weaknesses and hopeful strength.

For those who have already been "urged to think and rise to act" through reading Berdyaev himself this book will be of little interest. The writer makes no attempt at an interpretative analysis of Berdyaev's thought. His chap-

ters on the background of Berdyaev's life and times are, as they must be in a work of this size, very sketchy. Even the writer's "Venture in Assessment" is little more than further exposition of Berdyaev's thought in digest form.

Yet this Introduction, born of intimate knowledge and admiration, is faithful to its subject—the profound Christian philosopher, lover of freedom and humanity, immersed in political and social action, an existentialist whose thought was molded by his life and whose life was lived at deep spiritual levels. The crumbs which in this book are offered from the rich man's table will make many hunger for a more substantial fare.

William Fennell.

I'LL MEET YOU IN THE LOBBY: Olga Moore; Longmans, Green; pp. 250; \$3.75.

It is Olga Moore's theory that each of us is a lobbyist, for his own pet cause. "I don't honestly know," she says, "whether lobbying is a good thing or not. . . . It brings the people to their lawmakers, the governed to the governing. It is free speech. It is American. . . . But it can cause confusion, delay, demagoguery. It rewards the noisy and penalizes the quiet. . . . The wishes of the few can defeat the needs of the many."

She was born to politics. As a child she campaigned through Wyoming with her cattle-raising, Irish-American father. After a brief journalistic interlude she married Carl Arnold, brother of Thurman, and then lobbied for the needs of the University of Wyoming, where he taught. Following his death from war overwork, she went to Washington, becoming a lobbyist in earnest, beginning with the campaign to remove the margarine tax. Joining the Office of War Information, she visited England and flew over the Continent, distributing propaganda leaflets. She has Irish wit and a facile pen, and has written an entertaining book, with a sufficient undercurrent of awareness of the world's troubles.

E. McN.

A FREE MAN'S FAITH: D. Luther Evans; Oxford University Press; pp. 194; \$3.50.

Dr. Evans is devoted to Christianity, but he is also devoted to peace among all churches and all religions, and for the sake of unity he proposes to gather together all religions into one organization to be called "United Religions." This organization would include even those religions commonly dismissed with scorn or pity as "heathen."

In a scholarly but informal manner he analyzes the four ideals of Christianity, and through them links all religions together. Conflicts are not conflicts to Dr. Evans, for he really believes that all things work together for good. If the world had courage to accept his suggestions a long step toward peace would be taken.

Ellen Rogers.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ALBERT A. SHEA, Canadian political economist and holder of the Dafoe Foundation Fellowship has just returned from serving as consultant on mass communications to UNESCO at Paris. He is author of the UNESCO study, *World Communications*. . . . KHUSHWANT SINGH, of the Indian Information Service, London, England, is author of a collection of short stories entitled *Mark of Vishnu and Other Stories* (Saturn Press). . . . JOHN MACKILLOP, commercial artist, who came to Toronto from Vancouver some months ago, spends his free time painting and sketching.